

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 1, 1956 40 CENTS

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JIM RYUN'S RECORD



A man in a suit and a woman in a red jacket are smiling and clinking glasses of beer. In the background, another man is visible. On the bar, there are two bottles of Schlitz beer and a glass of beer with a thick head of foam.

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State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America, Worcester, Massachusetts. Founded in 1844. Life-Health-Group.

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SHOPWALK

English agencies arrange the renting of pheasant shoots and salmon streams

The British sportsman out for a roving tour with a bundle of assorted fishing rods, and wanting to know where to fish, does the sensible thing and consults a volume called *Where to Fish*, which is published annually by the Harroworth Press and sold at \$3.50. But, although the 400-odd pages are packed with details of the most readily available waters, they do not attempt to deal with the higher-cost streams owned by the large estates. Consequently, the prospective visitor from, say, Omaha who wants to have a week or a month of superlative sport is often at a loss to organize it, and this is where the agents come in.

A shooting and fishing agency is usually combined with an estate agency or a gunsmithery or a fishing-tackle shop. In Scotland, P. D. Mulloch of Scott Street, Perth handles a great number of boats on the lower Tay, which yields the largest salmon in Britain. The Mulloch waters are something of a closed shop, with old customers getting priority; however, there are occasional cancellations or sublets that can be picked up at short notice, and the cost is likely to be from \$25 to \$60 a day, for four rods plus two boats and two gillies.

Wag-Commander S. J. Carr has a gunsmith-and-agency business at 28 Sackville Street, London, W.1. Carr likes to deal only with the best, including a selection of pheasant shoots at \$1,000 per gun per week, when the hag between six or eight guns ought to reach four figures. Carr also has one beat on the Spey that he lets for \$3,000 in the best spring month, and the four permitted rods usually end up with about 350 salmon which, when sold, will bring the cost down to about \$100 a rod a week. But one year, in a poor spring, the catch was five.

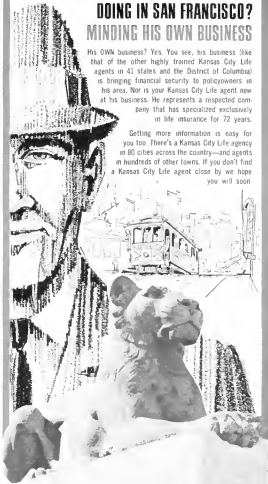
Strutt and Parker, Lofis and Warner of 41 Berkeley Square, London, W.1 report that shootings have been easier to get in the past year. With lighter British taxation, there has not been the money to spend. They can, given three months or so of warning, fix up grouse or pheasant driving. A typical case occurred last August, when a party of five guns shot an excellent moor for a week, with the full complement of beaters, keepers and dogs and accommodations in a great mansion. The total charge was \$4,500, and the only extras were ammunition, tips and drinks. S&P, L&W deal with fishings, too, and quote examples of one rod, one week on the Dee in May or June at \$200 or two rods for a week on the Sutherland Naver in March or April for the same sum, with the curious stipulation—doubtless intended to prevent overfishing—that one of the rods must be wielded by either a boy or a woman. In dealing with

continued

WHAT'S A KANSAS CITY LIFE AGENT DOING IN SAN FRANCISCO? MINDING HIS OWN BUSINESS

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SHOPWALK continued

this firm, as with most others, both owner and tenant pay 5% commission to the agent.

The listings at Curtis and Henson of 5 Mount Street, London, W 1 are in the slim but efficient hands of Miss Penelope Fuller. After five minutes in her presence, only a cat or a churl could refuse to put down \$6,000 for nine weeks in a Cathness castle complete with two gardeners, two gamekeepers, 10 dogs and an expected bag of 200 brace of grouse, 30 salmon and 25 stags. Other estates letting through Curtis and Henson can offer first-class grouse driving with or without accommodations. Many landlords, however, will not take guests who have not shot grouse before or who cannot produce written references to vouch for their safe behavior and knowledge of the form. "But it is seldom any good arriving in August or September," says Miss Fuller, "and asking for immediate grouse shooting. It all needs several months' notice. One of our landlords even insists on meeting guests before he will take them on."

For fishing, C&H cover any part of Scotland from Dumfriesshire to Sutherland and can produce listings that cost anything from \$15 to \$200 a week. There are two and a half miles of the Bertra in Sutherland where the 1965 bag of salmon was about 600, with even greater numbers of sea trout that can be fished for all day and all night. This costs \$1,000 for three weeks including a fully staffed lodge, any number of rods may fish.

Nearest of all to the source of Scottish sport is the firm of C. W. Ingram of 7 Walker Street, Edinburgh. Ingram's can fix up visiting sportsmen with grouse or pheasant shooting, deer stalking and all kinds of game fishing.

Ruff Ingram recommends a look at a seasonal let, which may prove less expensive than the short-term affairs and gives as an example Grouse Moor & in the heathery highlands, where there is a 750-acre moor and a lodge with 10 bedrooms, three bathrooms and all the usual accommodations. From August 12 on, this costs \$7,500 a month. Twenty days' shooting (half walking, half driving) would work out at \$50 per gun-day. There would be some extra expense for a cook (\$50 a week) and help (\$12) and beaters (\$45 per day's driving).

There is also a selection of salmon and sea trout fisheries at between \$60 and \$180 a week, plus a baitman's wage of \$5 a day, when required. "But," warns Ingram, "all gillies and baitmen thrive on whiskey: the brand is immaterial."

"Bookings should be made in November for the next year, but it is a time-honored custom that last year's tenant be given the first chance. All sport is exceedingly difficult to rent, and if offered a grouse moor or a salmon beam, always be ready to cable a firm decision within 48 hours."

—J. A. MAXINE GRAMM

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BOOKTALK

**A National Boarder of the hazards
of a compulsive gambler's solace**

Several years ago a book by Richard Jessup called *The Cincinnati Kid* went acrid for the deceptive simplicity with which it zeroed in on the *High Noon* suspense of two gamblers and their poker game. Now another book of the same genre examines more thoroughly, if somewhat less artfully, a compulsive gambler and a weekend spent wrestling with himself, a girl named Lisa Fortune and the probabilities involved in dice, blackjack, horse racing, poker and jail. Lew White, the protagonist of *It Only Hurts a Minute* by Don M. Mankiewicz (G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$5.95), might well sing the *Fugue for Tinkles* from *Gus* and *Dolls*, for in spite of his sophistication he is spiritual kin to Nathan Detroit and friends, ready to bet on anything that runs, falls or flies.

Gambling has cost Lew White a marriage—but that was probably dead anyway, because Lew is alive only at the table. If a gambler, he says, "considers seriously the possibility that no genuinely favorable opportunity to bet will ever arise, then he is moving on beyond the area of 'good gambler' into the area of 'non-gambler.'" Wryly, he remembers the Black Friday when he lost everything he owned in a game of craps to a man he despised. Later, presumably a reformed gambler, he sits in on a high-stake game as a house man in a California poker casino and realizes that one of the players, a beautiful blonde named Lisa Fortune, is cheating. Utilizing his fast hands and some fast talk, he covers for her. After she collects her winnings they go off together, driving first to the Del Mar racetrack where wheeling the daily double looks good. "I'd be interested in fifty dollars' worth of a double wheel," says Lisa. More than \$3,000 later they are on their way to Mexico to take a fling at jai alai, a sporting lottery in which form counts for little, and the unknown but obviously high vigorish makes winning nearly impossible—a challenge to Lew White, whose total commitment is to chance. When he and Lisa finally rescue they take the *Caliente Racing Form* to bed with them. Tomorrow is another day.

Lew parlays his winnings into \$60,000, first at the track then at a crap table in Las Vegas. It has taken him three days to build less than \$150 into a fortune, and it takes him less than an hour to lose it all at blackjack. Without so much as a *Take Back Your Mind*, Lisa leaves. She's a winner's girl, and she knows what Lew does not, that in gambling there is no magic, only winners and losers. You can figure the odds at craps or how to handicap a horse race. But people still lose, the game wins.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE

SCORECARD

AIN'T PEACE WONDERFUL?

Now that pro football's nonwar is over, we're beset with the nonpeace. Four Detroit Lions—Darrin McCord, Ted Karras, John Gordy and J. D. Smith—are holding out, nonviolently. Clem Daniels and Art Powell of the Oakland Raiders are tranquilly staging a Koufax-Drysdale: they want three-year, no-cut contracts at \$50,000 a year each. Then there's John Brodie, the San Francisco 49ers' quarterback. The 49ers are in camp at St. Mary's College, Calif. Brodie is in Honolulu playing golf. Ostensibly Brodie is holding out for more than \$50,000—but the word is much more. Like \$1 million.

Before the NFL-AFL merger was announced Houston apparently offered—verbally—a fat, long-term contract to Brodie to join the team in 1967, after playing out his option with the 49ers. But when the merger became a fact the Oilers supposedly were told by Lamar Hunt of the AFL merger committee to "call off the Brodie deal." It now seems Brodie's strategy is to claim that the verbal agreement with Houston is a valid contract, and to threaten suit against both leagues for acting in restraint of trade if it isn't honored.

According to the standard pro contract, Brodie can't lay off a year and become a free agent. He would, in *perpetuum*, owe the club its option year if he didn't actually perform. So Brodie must play for the 49ers, but if he signs he is not playing out his option, and, moreover, he loses legal ground because his deal with the Oilers evidently is predicated on his playing out the option. And if he doesn't sign where is he going to play?

The solution: Brodie is reputedly willing to settle with Houston for \$1 million, plus \$100,000 in legal fees. Then he would be free to sign with the 49ers for that \$50,000. Is Brodie kidding? Not on your life. The prospect of an antitrust action gives pro football such a bad case of the shakes that all 24 teams in both

leagues were asked to contribute to a \$750,000 pot for Brodie, plus \$50,000 more in legal fees, which approximates Houston's original offer—or so we hear from a reliable West Coast source.

Will that do it? Says Brodie: "See my lawyer." Says Brodie's lawyer: "See you later."

NOTHING LIKE IT

During the Pennsylvania tennis championships at the Merion Cricket Club last week, Vic Seixas, 42, lost the first set of his match with William Bowrey, 22, the fifth-ranked Australian, 32-34. Seixas, astonishingly, took the next two sets 6-4, 10-8, but was eliminated the following day by Clark Graebner, who went on to win the men's singles.

According to James Van Alen, the originator of the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System, or VASSS, which, in essence, is based on Ping-Pong scoring (SI, July 19, 1965, *et seq.*), the memorable 66-game set perfectly demonstrates the superiority of VASSS. Van Alen points out that it took 2½ hours, while a three-set match under VASSS would have taken but 90 minutes. The gallery dwindled from 2,500 to 500, the schedule was hopelessly retarded and, since Graebner, 22, played just 19 games the same day Seixas played 94, the weary Seixas was unfairly handicapped.

Van Alen says the deuce-and-advantage scoring system in tennis, which has been used since 1877, is comparable to a miler being forced to keep running at the end of the mile until he leads by five yards. "It can but be hoped," he maintains, "that the prolonged type of match Seixas got into will make the USLTA put on its thinking cap. There is little question what the answer would be if the USLTA asks Seixas his opinion."

Well, Jimmy, we asked. Replied Seixas: "As much as I might have liked to have been playing under VASSS, strictly from the standpoint of being tired, I think that something like that kind of match is, occasionally, good for the

game. If you play under VASSS you destroy one of the essential elements of tennis—playing up to peaks, having key points, and so forth. If we had played under VASSS, there would have been nothing like it."

HONORARY DACEZZ

Cassius Clay's contract with the Louisville Sponsoring Group expires October 26, and that's it, baby. Clay informs us he has decreed that Angelo Dundee, who has been managing him for the Group, be replaced by Herbert Muhammad, son of Elijah Muhammad, the Black Muslim leader. Dundee, he says, will be retained as trainer. Herbert is already on Clay's payroll as business manager and is also president of Muir Bout, Inc., which promotes Clay's fights. However, Herbert's new title may well be honorary. By the time October 26 rolls around Clay could be in the army or, if he refuses to serve, in jail.

SHOOT 'EM UPS

Hunters who regard highway signs as fair game did \$300,000 worth of damage in Utah last year. And it wasn't just kids with .22s; grown men were fearlessly blasting away with .30-06s. But before the summer's out the vandals may get theirs. Robert Craighead of Brigham



City, Utah has invented a highway sign that shoots back.

Outwardly, Craighead's sign looks like any other, but a motion picture camera is concealed in a secret compartment, with a trapdoor covering the lens. The impact of a bullet hitting the sign triggers a mechanism that opens the trapdoor and activates the camera.

Before installing the signs, the Utah

continues

What golf ball was #1 choice in this year's Big 3?



TITLEIST

Same ball that's been #1 on the tour for the past 18 years. And remember: nobody's paid to play Titleist Golf Balls.

TOURNAMENT	PLAYING TITLEIST	PLAYING NEXT BALL
MASTERS	28	21
US OPEN	60	25
PGA	62	30
TOTAL	150	76

**ACUSHNET
GOLF BALLS**

Sold thru golf course pro shops only

SCORECARD

Highway Department wants to be sure the image is sharp enough to make out license-plate numbers. While they're at it, perhaps they should consider the sport who creeps up and pinks the sign from the rear, to say nothing of the sharp-shooter who fires a round for effect—say at 2 o'clock—and, when the trap-door opens, zaps one through the lens.

TONY

The death of Tony Lema, "Champagne Tony," is doubly sad, because golf has lost a seemingly ebullient figure and because, as our readers know, Lema wasn't always a Champagne Tony, and, where-ever he was going, he hadn't got there.

The things he did that made headlines were impulsive and often out of character: the champagne-for-all cry that earned him his nickname (he didn't really think much of it as a drink) and the hubbly flow of quotable wisecracks.

Even after he became famous he wasn't sure he wanted to be a golfer. Once, in Puerto Rico, when he had to eat with strangers because the hotel dining room was crowded, he passed himself off as Sam Lema, owner of a chain of shoe stores. Asked why, he said, "Nobody wants to talk to a golf pro."

He was a loner. While working on his book, *Golfers' Gold* (SI, March 23, 1984 or seq.), he was asked to do a chapter on the groups of friends that hung out together on the tour. "No," he said. "There aren't any such things."

When he married a blonde airline stewardess—Betty, who was killed with him last Sunday—people said, "Ah, the perfect girl for Playboy Tony." They were surprised to find she was shy and introverted.

Tony never had much heart for the role he played. It's a pity he didn't have the time to become the real Tony Lema.

SAFE BY A FOOT

Although the Atlanta Braves are unable to break even on the field, they're doing great in the stands. The Braves are averaging better than 20,000 paid at home and should exceed 1½ million in attendance this season, which tops any one of their last six years in Milwaukee.

Once in a while the Braves even give all those fans their money's worth. Last week, for example, they won one by booting the ball. Atlanta and Cincinnati tied 8-8 in the eighth, when Braves Manager Bobby Bragan called Pinch Hitter

Mike de la Hoz back and sent up Pitcher Tony Cloninger. Billy McCool's third pitch hit Tony's shoe, but Umpire Tony Venzon didn't see it and called it a ball. Third Base Coach Grover Reisinger asked for the baseball and showed Venzon a telltale smudge of black shoe polish. Cloninger went to first, and Felix Millan, who ran for him, eventually scored the winning run. It was almost a rerun of the fourth game of the 1957 World Series, when the Braves beat the Yanks after Tommy Byrne hit Nippy Jones on the shoe and the polish left its mark.

"Just one of the little tricks we use every nine or 10 years," said Third Baseman Eddie Mathews.

Bragan disagreed. "I'd say we won the game on superior managerial ability," he said. "I have De la Hoz up to hit, but then I decide on Cloninger. He wears a size 10½ shoe, De la Hoz only an 8½."

SCOOP

"Ryan Snellstrom's sister got hit in the nose with a bat. We were playing baseball. She had to go to the hospital. And his mother was ill."

That's the news in the Eugene, Ore. Grasshopper, which has "world-wide distribution" (California, Washington, D.C. and one reader in Tnpols), 231 paid subscribers at 25¢ a month and a young, hustling staff, including a foreign correspondent.

Not too many papers have reporters who talk to trees—and get quotes—but, then, not too many papers have an age limit of 9 for staffers. Here's Sammy Brager's exclusive interview with a doomed tree, as told to Karen Hulteng. "We talked to that tree that will be cut down. The tree is mad. It almost bled Karen." Sammy's in kindergarten and, although he can't write, the kid knows how to ask the right questions.

From Foreign Correspondent Katy Gostrium, whose family is spending a year in Germany, came this analysis of the international situation: "In Germany none of the children have freckles! But they are very nice."

And the stories on the sports page are admirably free of clichés, brief and to the point, e.g., "All I know about sports is Oregon won UCLA."

NO BALDOONS, PLEASE

All right, they said after England's Graham Hill won the Indianapolis 500. But there's still 100%, red-blooded, Ali-

American stock-car racing. Like the Daytona 500. And we'd like to see any foreign sporty-car driver win that mother.

All right, stand by. Negotiations are under way for Hill, plus Scotland's Jimmy Clark and Jackie Stewart, to try the Daytona 500 next. The Britishers' idea is to collect more big U.S. purses (\$140,590 for the Daytona race) and to put on a show for Viewport, Ltd., the closed-circuit TV outfit that beamed the Indianapolis 500 back to Blighty.

They went wild for Indy over there, and Viewport figures that the prestigious Daytona 500—provided some of their drivers were in it—would draw just as well. And, says Daytona's Bill France, "We would welcome them."

Hill, Clark and Stewart would be a welcome addition to stock-car racing, at that. But one thing we shall have to be free about. If they do run in the Daytona 500, they simply have got to stop referring to it as a saloon-car race.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

If you tend to hit under your golf ball, try hitting a red ball. If you regularly top it, use a blue one. That, anyway, is the advice of Colonel Vincent L. Hack, a prominent authority on color.

Colonel Hack, who is directing a color-research program at Brooke Army Medical Center in San Antonio, says his experiments indicate that red makes an object appear larger, and thus closer, than it really is, while blue makes an object seem smaller and farther away. White is a neutral color and makes for accurate depth perception.

So, if you're hitting under a white ball, a red one will seem closer, and this should make you subconsciously correct your swing, and smack it squarely. And if you're topping a white ball, a blue one will appear farther away, and so forth. And if you skull a blue ball into deep, green rough and try to find it, you're on your own.

THEY SAID IT

- Harold Paddock, teaching pro from Cleveland, after shooting an 84 in the first round of the PGA: "I missed so many putts out there I was afraid to eat lunch for fear I'd miss my mouth."
- Art Modell, Cleveland Browns owner, assessing the qualifications of Charley Harraway, a leading candidate for Jim Brown's old fullback job: "Physically, he looks like Brown."

END



Tiffany Eubank
won't without her
Green Stripe



It's the first
civilized Scotch,
you know.

Usher's is no Johnny-come-lately. It's the first blended Scotch, the Scotch that started the move to lightness. 100 years ago, all Scotches were pretty hard to take. Then Andrew Usher made the first light, smooth Scotch. He marked it with a Green Stripe. Don't party without it.

IMPORTED...BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

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THE BATMEN STRIKE

Baltimore's traumatizing trio—plus a Robin named Russ, who is leading the league—devastate their foes with baseball's strongest attack in years and threaten to make a midseason rout of a pennant race **by MARK MULVOY**

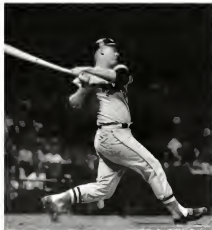
One night last week Baltimore Oriole Second Baseman Dave Johnson was standing around in the locker room, wreathed in mock disgust. "Nobody's talking to me," he said. "I was the only one in the lineup who didn't get two hits. Even the pitcher got two hits." But if Johnson had a for-cripe's-sake tone in his voice it was nothing to what the opposition was feeling as the Orioles used an old-fashioned display of batting power to open up the widest July lead seen in the American League since the Yan-

kees yawned their way to the pennant eight years ago.

Not since the Red Sox of Williams, Stephens, Doerr long before that, and the Yankees of Gehrig, Dickey, DiMaggio, has such a destructive offense been loosed upon the league. The measure of it is in simple statistics, and in the confused remnants of the Detroit Tigers, who two weeks ago moved to within six games of the Orioles and were poised for a rush to the top. But by last Sunday the Tigers must have been glad to be 12

games behind, or just far enough back not to arouse aggressive tendencies in people named things like Robinson and Robinson. Reading American League batting statistics has become a bore if you don't happen to be an Oriole hacker. Of the six men hitting over .300, four are Orioles. Never before in modern baseball have the top three runs-batted-in men been from the same team, but they are all Orioles now. The top three men in runs scored are Orioles. And three of the four players with the

continued



The new Murderers' Row of the American League. Boog Powell (left), Frank Robinson and Brooks Robinson, swings away against poor Detroit



most hits in the league also are Orioles.

All this has been enough to cause a furor of excitement in Baltimore, a town that has never had a winner. Johnny Unitas didn't pitch for. Already three hotels are sold out for those certain days in October, photographs of Oriole players are appearing in store windows where such things have not been seen in years and the National Beewing Company is wondering if its "Heise Run Derby" was such a good idea after all. So far National, which broadcasts the Oriole game, has had to pay off \$8,700 to listeners because of Oriole home runs, compared with \$6,400 all last year. Everybody is talking pennant in Baltimore almost everybody "Listen," said Hank Baper, the not-really-mean ex-marine who drills the happy Orioles, "I'm not superstitious. I don't believe in jinxes. And I won't talk about winning the pennant."

If you were a pessimistic Oriole fan and 10 years of frustration has bred a

city of them—the past week was one to view with foreboding. The Orioles came into a series with Chicago having just lost four of six games, including two out of three to the second-place Tigers, and then they lost one to the White Sox. It looked like time for the regular July cry—after all, the Orioles have been ahead on July 4 before. What was more, the team's hitting had eased off just a little, and small slumps into big slumps grow.

But the Orioles beat Chicago 3-2 in the second game on Sunday, and then Monday night they began their week of vengeance. With the score tied 2-2 in the top of the second inning, Boog Powell hit a Juan Pizarro slider on top of the roof that covers the double-decked stand in Comiskey Park's right center field, which is 500 feet as the Oriole flies. The next batter up was Frank Robinson, who hit one into the Baltimore bullpen, which is 425 feet as the pitcher walks and the rout was on. As it progressed, Baltimore did things like getting at least

one base hit in 23 straight innings and scoring at least one run and as many as four in the first inning of five straight games. The brunt of this was borne by Detroit, which arrived in Baltimore for a three-game series on Tuesday.

Consider the carriage.

Game One. Detroit scores a run in the top of the first. Despite a tender elbow, Earl Wilson, who has beaten the Orioles twice this year, is pitching for the Tigers. Luis Aparicio singles, Russ Snyder singles and Frank Robinson homers. Wilson and his elbow leave, and Dave Wickersham relieves Brooks Robinson singles. So does Boog Powell. Curt Blefary gets hit by a pitch to lead the bases. Johnson grounds into a double play, but Vic Rozumovsky, a second-string catcher, singles home a run, and Baltimore leads 4-1. Final score: Orioles 13, Tigers 3.

Game Two. The Tigers score three runs in the first inning, and they are pitching Denny McLain, the American League's best. The Orioles, with Blefary singling home two runs and Johnson one, tie the score at 3-3 in the bottom of the first. The Orioles lead 4-3 after the second inning but trail 6-5 after the third. In the fifth Frank Robinson doubles and scores the tying run on Brooks Robinson's single. Powell then hits a home run into the bushes in front of the scoreboard in right center, and the Orioles lead 8-7. Final score: Orioles 10, Tigers 7.

Game Three. Brooks Robinson doubles home two runs in the first inning, and Blefary homers in the fourth for a 3-0 lead. In the fifth Frank Robinson has a home run, and Blefary singles in another run. In the seventh Frank Robinson homers again, his fourth hit of the game, and the Orioles lead 6-0. Robinson now has 12 hits in his last 17 at bats. Final score: Orioles 6, Tigers 4.

During the series the Orioles scored 20 runs and had 47 hits. "I wish," said a disgruntled Detroit player, "that pitchers would hear down on me like that." When Detroit fled north, the White Sox came into Baltimore with their good pitching and lost two of three as the Orioles finished up their crucial week with six victories and a single loss.

The Detroit player's attitude, since he is not a pitcher, was understandable, but pitching to the Orioles presents some complications when you consider their lineup. Russ Snyder is the league's lead-



Pesky Russ Snyder takes the thinking man's swing that has raised him to the top of the league.

ing hitter. In seven years of being a good journeyman outfielder this Snyder has never been compared with the Duke. Baltimore has had him for five years, and there was nothing about him that made the Oriole front office stop wishing it could find a big hitter to replace him. Even now he plays only against right-handed pitchers. "I have become a thinker rather than a guesser," says Snyder, trying to explain how he happens to be located at .330, a full 50 points over his lifetime average.

Frank Robinson can hardly be expected ever to hit 50 points over his lifetime average, which is a solid .303, and why Cincinnati, which traded him to Baltimore for Milt Pappas, decided that pitching might win a pennant but Robinson couldn't will remain one of the mysteries of the game. He leads the American league in home runs with 26, six of them coming last week. When Robinson began to weaken at the plate two weeks ago, up stepped nonhitter Dave Johnson to suggest that slugger Robinson move his front foot back six inches. "It made a tremendous difference," Frank says. That's how things go in Baltimore these days. Meanwhile Brooks Robinson has played and hit just as he always does—like the best third baseman in baseball.

"We pay the Robinsons a lot of money to perform well," says Bauer. "And that's what we expect them to do." But no Oriole, or for that matter anybody in baseball, has played as well as Boog Powell in the last two months. On May 21 this Baltimore mound of muscle was hitting .180, with five home runs and 13 runs batted in, and everybody who had been calling him a young Johnny Mize was hoping old Johnny Mize wouldn't hear about it. Since that day Powell has hit .356, with 17 home runs and 61 runs batted in. He now has more home runs and more RBIs than he had all last season.

"I didn't expect Powell to hit this well," says Bauer. "I think of what he did last year and I see what he's doing this year, and there's only one difference: confidence. Last year he felt there was great pressure on him to hit home runs and drive in runs. This year he knows that if he doesn't do it, then someone else will, so he's going up there nice and relaxed and not worrying about anything." What Bauer says points up one of the primary things. Frank Robinson

HOW BALTIMORE RULES THE LEAGUE

BATTING	
RUSS SNYDER	.330
TONY OLIVA Twins	.329
FRANK ROBINSON'S	.325
AL KALINE Detroit	.315
BROOKS ROBINSON'S	.303
BOOG POWELL	.302
RUNS BATTED IN	
BROOKS ROBINSON	81
BOOG POWELL	74
FRANK ROBINSON'S	70
HARMON KILLEBRETT Twins	59
RUNS SCORED	
FRANK ROBINSON	77
LUIS APARICIO	68
BROOKS ROBINSON'S	67
TOMMIE AGEE Chicago	63
TOTAL HITS	
TONY OLIVA Twins	125
BROOKS ROBINSON'S	121
FRANK ROBINSON	115
LUIS APARICIO	110

has done for Baltimore. The young Orioles know he will hit, so the pressure is off them.

Then there is 23-year-old Curt Blefary, who has 14 home runs and 45 RBIs; and Luis Aparicio, the shortstop, who is having his best season in four or five years, and there are the two rookies, Second Baseman Johnson and Catcher Andy Etchebarren. Johnson covers ground that Jerry Adair, whose job he took away in the spring, couldn't reach, while Etchebarren has his pitchers, including the old knuckleballers, Eddie Fisher and Stu Miller, believing he will come up with every ball they throw into the dirt. Also, both Johnson and Etchebarren have driven in at least 40 runs, an extremely productive total for seventh- and eighth-place batters in a lineup.

If the Orioles have a weakness, it is with their starting pitchers. There are stretches when it seems you can always find the Oriole starter by going down to the shower room along about the fifth inning or so. With the exception of Steve Barber, who can be very good and can be 9-13, as he was in 1964, the basic Oriole starters—Dave McNally, Jim Palmer and Wally Bunker—are not Koufax, Drysdale and Osteen. But

one of the reasons this young group—their average age is 22—spends so much time under water is that Bauer knows he can send them to the showers at the first hint of trouble, for behind them is a remarkable bullpen. "All I want from my starters is six good innings," says Bauer.

Teams pride themselves on having a good relief pitcher, but Sargeant Bauer has a squad of them. Stu Miller has a record of 7-2. Eddie Fisher was obtained from Chicago in June and gave up only one run in his first 20 innings. Rookie Eddie Watt has a record of 7 and 2. When Bauer needed to find another starter for the Detroit series he called on Watt, who not only won but hit a home run just because he saw everybody else doing it. There are also Dick Hall, a sound Oriole reliever for four years, and Moe Drabowsky, who was released outright by Kansas City and was picked up by Baltimore last winter. When Detroit kept regaining the lead in last week's 10-7 game Drabowsky settled things by facing 12 men in four innings and striking out eight of them.

If the Orioles stopped hitting completely, which is unlikely, and if their pitching happened to go to pieces, which young starters and big bullpens have on occasion done, would there be an American League pennant race again? Maybe. The question is who would be capable of moving up as the Orioles fell. The logical contender is Detroit, which had four players in the All-Star starting lineup. But Detroit left Baltimore last week unsettled by its managerial situation and with its pitching staff in ruins. Inability to handle the team's excellent young pitchers has bothered the Tigers since Charlie Dressen was sidelined by a heart attack in May. Then two weeks ago Coach Bob Sault, who took over from Dressen, was hospitalized and found to have lung cancer. Now Frank Skaiff, another coach, is running the team. The troubled Tigers suddenly seem harmless. Cleveland has played worse than .500 ball since it opened the season with a startling 10-0 start, and California is too young a team to make a giant move (such as the Giants made in 1951, to be specific).

There may be a long way to go in the 1966 season, but the going looks good for the one team that is young, strong, hot and hungry—the Orioles. So, all together now. Let's sneak up behind Hank Bauer and shout, "Pennant!"

END

A HAPPY STROLL FOR GOLF'S SMILING GEI

Easy-moving Al Geiberger, who does everything the orthodox way, shoots par golf to win a PGA Championship that was otherwise distinguished by some of the strangest doings in the history of the event **by DAN JENKINS**

If King Kong had ridden down the 16th fairway on a tricycle or the *Queen Mary* had sailed through downtown Akron on giant Firestone tires, it would only have been in keeping last week with the weird and wonderful happenings at the 48th PGA Championship. What else could rival Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus practically having dogfights overhead in their private planes, 54-year-old Sam Snead crouching down and putting between his legs to keep from hitting the ball twice in one swipe, Billy Casper gulping oxygen to thwart a smog only he could see and Dudley Wysong, whoever he may be, addressing the ball a foot away from where it really was? Finally, amid the faint scent of rubber hunches, the last and goofiest major tournament of the year was topped off, mercifully, when a tall, thin, easygoing Californian named Al Geiberger, who looks like the new guy they've hired at the bank to handle home improvement loans, won it as easily as he would spread peanut butter on a slice of light bread. Considering the way he played, and the tranquility he brought to the scene, Geiberger at least made sense.

The site of the tournament, the Firestone Country Club, has prestige among golfers, but this was a different Firestone than anyone had ever seen. Since an attack of Dutch elm disease that began five years ago had wiped out a lot of trees, the

course could best be described as long (7,180 yards), and uninspiring. On top of that, heat had scarred most of the straight and narrow fairways, a seeding process had changed most of the greens to pure bent grass—the hardest to read and putt—and the greens had been watered so much to avoid run that they were soft and slow. Partly as a result of the conditions, the scores came in two sizes, high and higher. Nothing shows this better than the fact that Geiberger could shoot an even-par 68 72-68-72-280 and win laughing, with Wysong in second place four strokes behind.

One of the things that made Al Geiberger's victory distinctive was that if you had really stopped to figure it out beforehand, nobody except Geiberger could have won at Firestone. It was all clear late Sunday evening. Geiberger had won the American Golf Classic there last year. In 20 competitive rounds on the difficult par-70 course he had shot 72 or better in 16. Moreover, he had quietly been a good "tough course" player on the tour for some time, though he seldom finished first. He was fourth in the U.S. Open at Belleverie in 1965, and this year he was third both in the Crosby and in the Colonial.

"I feel pretty good on a long, hard course," he said. "I'm not a charger. I don't make a lot of birdies. I try to hit it straight and not make many mistakes."





and I try not to lose control of myself. When I'm on a course like Firestone, where there won't be a lot of birdies popping up on the board, I feel much more confident."

Geiberger began by shooting a 68 on Thursday to tie hip-sore Sam Snead for the lead, and even though Snead held the 36-hole lead by one stroke over Geiberger, you had to think that the winner, if it weren't going to be the 6-foot 2-inch, 160-pound Californian with the smooth, upright swing, would be perhaps Gary Player, or Doug Sanders or Jack Nicklaus from a few shots further back. After Saturday's third round, though, there was little doubt, for Al marched out and smilingly got his second 68 of the tournament. This gave him a four-stroke lead that looked impossible for anyone to overcome at Firestone.

So Sunday was a simple stroll for Geiberger, once he calmed down from a start of three bogeys on the first four holes. "I was thinking about the title and all it would do for me," he said. "It almost wrecked me."

He planned to go out there Sunday with his usual supply of peanut-butter

sandwiches in his golf bag to keep up his strength, just steer his drives straight, and let the big course prevent anyone from making a charge at him. It happened exactly that way. No one near him made a move of serious consequence, and when he rolled in a 35-foot birdie at the fifth hole it restored the confidence that his early bogeys had partly erased. After that it was just a matter of time until he was officially the PGA champion, \$25,000 richer and carefully trying to explain for posterity his cool attitude toward the game.

"I don't think of myself as a golf star," he said. "I'm really more nervous than I look out there, and if people think I don't care they're wrong. I guess I look like I don't care because I'm basically lazy. I just try to plug along staying out of trouble. That's my style."

That style of his has been a particular bother to Sean Wood, Geiberger's golf coach at USC and his foremost fan through the seven years that Al has been on the tour. Wood was not at the PGA, but at tournaments in the past he has been known to scribble notes on pieces of paper, dangle under the gallery ropes,

and hand them to Al. The notes have always said something like "Attack," or "Charge," or "Get mad." Geiberger would look at them, grin, crumple them up, and then not attack, not charge, not get mad and not win. He was a very good golfer and for the last three years has ranked among the top 15 money winners, but thrilling he wasn't, not even in victory last week.

So it was left to other people to provide the excitement of this PGA, and they provided it in some distinctive fashions.

Part of it, as always, was created by Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer, who were the big noses of the tournament, but in an unusual way. Every time you looked up, it seemed, you saw one or the other in his private airplane heading back to Latrobe, Pa. or Columbus, Ohio, from where they were commuting to the first tee. Palmer's Jet Commander whined above the course repeatedly, and on Friday afternoon Ken Venturi was bent over a putt on the 14th hole when Jack roared over in his Aero Commander, carting the family home for dinner. Ken paused, looked up and said,

Striding in an effort to conquer, Snead hits a putt with his new stroke and dances a jig of dismay when another shaky one somehow eludes the cup.



"Thanks a lot, Jack." (How much the pros fly became a subject of deeper and sadder concern the night the PGA ended with the news that Tony Lema and his wife Betty had been killed when their chartered plane crashed near Lansing, Ill., on a golf course.)

Palmer's 1966 PGA was simple—he played like a retired millionaire until the last day when a 68 pulled him into a tie for sixth place. Nicklaus was more baffling. He was supposed to be fresh after winning the British Open at Muirfield and pumped up with confidence because his length would overshadow everyone on the long Firestone course. Instead he looked tired and disinterested, and he played through the first round like a PGA sectional champion who had never been out of Utah. He hit seven trees, the last seven trees left at Firestone, and wandered into live hunkers. He only found five fairways off the tees in the 18 holes, and yet he managed to salvage a 75.

"It might have been the best 75 I ever shot," said Jack, who was sitting as always. A bad round bothers Nicklaus less than any golfer in history, because he knows tomorrow he may shoot 57, or something like that. "I can't remember playing worse," Jack said, carrying his new Jackie over his shoulder through the clubhouse and heading for the airport. By Saturday afternoon he could remember a time when he played worse. That day he hit only three fairways, shot another 75 and blew himself out of the tournament for keeps.

From the beginning Nicklaus never had his mind on what he was doing. He explained later that he stood on the first tee Thursday, set himself up to hit his usual fade down the fairway and at the top of his backswing suddenly said to himself, "Let's try to draw one out there."

He drew it all right. If he had hooked one that wildly at Muirfield, half of Scotland would still be searching for it. Nicklaus then went about the business of driving terribly for the next three rounds. Only on Sunday did he have a good round off the tees, and that was because he finally wised up and changed drivers.

"I'd been using the same driver I did at Muirfield with the small British ball. So I changed to a club that was better for the big ball. Three days later, I changed," he said. "And confidentially," Jack added,

"there was another reason why I didn't play very good. I swung like a hacker."

Meanwhile, Sam Snead was shooting scores that fluttered the hearts of every genuine case in the country and exhibiting absolutely the strangest putting stance pro golfer has ever seen. It made you wonder if the sun had gotten through the straw hat and baked Sam's pate. Early in the week, practicing, he was observed spreading his legs, gripping the putter down at the bottom of the shaft and stroking the ball between his legs, croquet-style. Funny old Sam, cutting up again and trying to get a bet, they said.

Snead did not putt that way in the tournament proper until after the 10th hole Saturday, when his nerves really rocked him and he accidentally tapped a putt twice, costing himself a penalty stroke. Thereafter, for the next eight holes and for all of Sunday, Snead crunched like a preying cat on every putt of less than 10 or 12 feet.

Old pro golfers have spent their dying years searching for ways to stop palsy over short putts, and Snead may have found it. "You see," drawled Sam, "when you get down there close to it, that old ball can't move on you like it does for us nervous old men."

Wouldn't it be better to stand back away from it so it wouldn't hit you, he was asked.

"Yeah," Sam said, "but then if you're way far away from it, you got to hit it twice."

The final surprise of the PGA was provided by 27-year-old Dudley Wysong, who was playing in the championship for the first time. Wysong looks and acts like most any Texas boy—blond crew cut, bleached eyebrows and a somewhat astonished expression. It became even more astonished when he sanged off what little fairway grass was left at sun-scorched Firestone by shooting a superb 66 on Saturday, the low round of the tournament, and moving into second place, a position he defended excellently on Sunday to win \$15,000.

Wysong started the final 18 with two bogeys and thought, "I'm gonna shoot 90. I can feel it." Watching him address the ball, you knew why. He didn't know where it was. He stands up to the ball well, except that it is nowhere near the club head. Instead, it is far underneath the heel, as if he were taking a practice swing way out in front of the ball.

"It's distracting," said Mike Souchak,

who was paired with Dudley the first two rounds and, incidentally, missed the cut. "You're all the time thinking, he's 8 to 5 to fan it."

"I've always addressed the ball that way," says Wysong. "I just can't hit it if I address it off the tee like a lot of players do."

Had he ever considered putting the club face directly behind the ball, like it says in the instruction books?

"I don't think I could hit it that way," he says. "See, I have to get back on my heels when I swing through. And my system helps me do it." Why not? For this PGA, even that made sense.

In the end, it must have been very comforting to the PGA that Al Geiberger won the championship. His game is so sound that he has been due to win a big one for a long time, and deserves it. But more important, he stands erect when he puts, with the leather grip in his hands, and when he addresses a shot he puts the face of the club squarely behind the ball, which is just the way all those club pros who teach the game and run the PGA say you have to do it if you ever expect to play a lick.

END

A mossy Kings Drape into the Sanders Hole



A SPECIAL BRAND OF FAME

In the week following his record race young Jim Ryun discovers the joys—and hazards—of owning the most treasured mark in all of sport

by GWILYM S. BROWN

Young Jim Ryun's hectic life as the world record holder in track's most glamorous event began even while he was spinning off the 3,513 mile (see cover) he ran in Berkeley, Calif., a week ago last Sunday. During the race a souvenir hunter stole his warmup shoes. Some 45 minutes later, on his short journey from the Edwards Stadium track to the University of California dormitory in which he was billeted, he began to sample his first really heady dose of public adulation. Ryun covered the three blocks barefoot and at a full gallop, pursued closely by a mob of children and adults, and then hounded up the seven flights of stairs to his room when he found the elevator in use.

"Those people didn't want autographs," Ryun said later, shuddering slightly. "They were after pieces of clothing."

This was only the beginning of the week that was for the 19-year-old boy who had just finished his freshman year at the University of Kansas, who had just cut 2.3 seconds off the world mile record, who had become the first American in 29 years to hold that title and who had predictably emerged as one of

TRUMPETS SOUND as Ryun marches into the Los Angeles Coliseum for last Sunday's race





DANGER WITH A DOUBLE A

Unhappily for National League pitchers, neither the move to Atlanta nor his 13 years in the league has changed Bad Henry Aaron a bit. He just keeps swinging—and connecting

by JACK MANN

"I'm this many," said Dorinda Aaron, holding up four fingers, "and I'm going to have a party." She will be 5 years old next February 5, a day when National League pitchers might well raise a cup of cheer, because Dorinda's daddy, Bad Henry, will be 33. Their enemy grows older.

But not so you could notice. "I can serve you a beer," the lady in the sweltering Atlanta airport said to Aaron's companion, "but this young man will have to show me his I.D. card."

"Why, that man is 30 years old," the other lady said.

"Damn," Henry said, flabbergasted and delighted. "Damn. I thought she was putting me on."

"That's what I told you, Henry," said Atlanta Braves President John McHale. "Don't ever get older than 30."

The greatest cross-handed hitter in the history of the Negro American League has ballooned to 180 pounds in the 14 years since the Braves gave him a ticket to Eau Claire, Wis. and orders to keep his right hand on top, but the extra 10 pounds are packed neatly around his chest cavity. In the body of a sophomore halfback Henry Aaron has developed the mind of a computer, and he'll be the next 3,000-hit man unless Willie Mays beats him to it. Or unless he suffers a crippling injury. Don't count on the latter. Aaron has averaged 153 games a season since he broke an ankle in his rookie year, 1954.

"He not only knows what the pitch will be," says Ron Perranoski, the Dodger relief pitcher who has held Bad Henry to an .812 average (13 for 16) in six sea-

sons, "but where it will be. He's hit one home run off me [out of center field in Dodger Stadium], and he went after that pitch as if he'd called for it."

"It was a fast ball, high and away," said Aaron, who can recite the locus and characteristics of each of the 26 pitches he hit for home runs in the first half of the season. "It was the first pitch, and I guess I was looking for it, I figured he'd try to set me up for the sinker."

"Pitchers don't set Henry up," said teammate Gene Oliver. "He sets them up. I honestly believe he intentionally looks bad on a certain pitch just so he'll get it again."

"Well, not too often," Aaron said. "But say it's a breaking pitch that's going to hit on the plate. I might let my tail fly out a little and miss it and look foolish. Then the pitcher might throw that same pitch for a strike some other time—with two on."

This may be Aaron's first 50-homer season, and it might not be the last. When he arrived at the All-Star break with his 26 homers and a batting average near his career low of .280, it was logical to assume he had altered his formula, determined to pull the ball toward instant money. Henry is making more than \$75,000, proving that guys who hit 320 lifetime can ride in Buick Rivieras, but he can read and sees six-digit numbers on the sports pages.

"That doesn't bother me," Henry said. "If I'd played in New York, I'd have made a lot more money. There were only those two papers in Milwaukee, and that makes a difference. Anyway, these people have been good to me, and

you don't miss what you don't have."

And you like what you have if you rode the bus with the Indianapolis Clowns in the Negro league, playing a doubleheader in Washington and a single in Baltimore the same night, then climbed back on the bus to try to sleep on the way to Buffalo and got 100 bucks every 1st and 15th. (By the time Milwaukee Scout Dewey Griggs offered Aaron \$50 a month more than the Giants did, he was leading the Negro AL with a .467 average, having been converted from cross-handed hitting by Clown Owner Syd Pollock. "Not completely," Henry says. "If I got two strikes on me and my back was to the dugout so they couldn't see me, I'd sneak the left hand up on top.")

But why so many home runs this year, and most of them to left field? The stance and the swing haven't changed. "No," Aaron said, "but I don't go up there swinging at what they throw me anymore. I've studied and concentrated, and now I wait until I get my pitch."

"He sure as hell does," said Sandy Koufax. "Did you see him go after that curve I hung for him today? That was a mistake, and you don't get away with a mistake to Bad Henry. He's the last guy I want to see coming up there." There was talk that Roberto Clemente had that distinction. "That was two years ago," Koufax said. "Some guys give me more trouble one year than another. But Aaron is always the same. He's just Bad Henry."

"This game looks easy," says Bad Henry, "but it's—well—not a gassing game, but a thinking game."

continued

RARELY FOOLED BY A PITCH, AARON MOVES HIS WEIGHT FORWARD BUT KEEPS HIS BAT BACK, COCKED AND READY TO COMMIT MAYHEM

Too many people think it's simple."

Too many people think Aaron is simple, and relaxed, and unassuming—a nervous bundle of sinew with mongoose reflexes, doing what comes naturally and not striving very earnestly to do much more. There are long-gone .330 hitters pumping gas somewhere along Route 66 and perpetuating the cliché that Aaron "falls asleep at the plate, but then he hits the pitch right out of the catcher's mitt." Instinct it's got to be—and those wrists. How else could a guy be .330 lifetime (highest among active players with five years or more) with a swing that would get a kid cut from a high school team?

"Most guys couldn't hit the way I do," Aaron says with an objectivity that precludes false modesty. "I'm fortunate that all the things you have to do in baseball come naturally to me. I do have a hitch in my swing, and I hit off the front foot. I've seen the movies. The weight is forward, but you notice the hands are always back. If they throw me a changeup I'm not out in front. I can adjust."

"I know, they think I don't care. I look like I'm running easy to first base, but I'm watching the outfielder, and if he messes up I can accelerate—I have the speed to shift gears."

"There aren't five men faster in baseball, and no better base runner," says Braves Manager Bobby Bragan. "If you need a base, he'll steal it—quietly. If you need a shoestring catch, he'll make it, and his hat won't fly off and he won't fall on his butt. He does it like DiMaggio." Aaron has stolen 31 bases in a season and supposes he could double that if needed. "He could steal 100," Oliver says.

In the eighth inning of a game at Los Angeles, Dodger Right Fielder Lou Johnson galloped to the railing and watched a foul ball land 20 rows in the stands. In the home half of the inning Right Fielder Aaron took three steps and watched a foul ball land seven rows in. "I knew it was in the stands," Henry said. "What would it prove to run over there? That's false hustle. I hustle when I have to."

Like DeMaggio. Sangfroid, and all that? Not quite. "You ever notice," Henry asked, "that sometimes just before I step in the box I take a deep breath? I have to do that to get loose. I don't mean I'm tense, exactly, but I al-

ways have something on my mind. I have to study this game all the time, and concentrate. There are things I've learned about pitchers, and I have tried to tell the younger players. But most of them can't see what I see, because they haven't concentrated and studied."

"I always talk to the kids, though, because you can learn from them. Maybe Maury Wills couldn't teach you about base running, just because he knows it so well it's hard for him to convey the idea. But you might hear something from some young player that would be valuable—something you never thought of."

At the Los Angeles airport Henry listened attentively to a lecture from teammate Gary Geiger on sliding. Aaron's takeoff, Geiger suggested, was too late. At 29 Geiger is no longer a kid, but a frustrating succession of injuries and illness have limited his experience. "Well, what kind of slide do you think is best?" Henry asked, and held still for the answer. The computer mind was filing the data for evaluation.

His mind processes a diversity of thoughts. Aaron is acutely aware that he is the father of four young children who have opportunities that he did not have, and the awareness is heightened by the never-forgotten fact that he is a Negro. But when the talk is baseball that's business, and the computer functions on one channel.

The airport discussion of mistakes in baserunning had broadened into a seminar on baseball mistakes in general, when the Braves' players discovered a celebrity in their midst. Phil Rodgers had just arrived from England and was liquidating some of his \$1,949 booty from the British Open. He was introduced around, and the talk turned to golf. There may be more golf nuts per capita among baseball players than among any splinter group of American society, and Henry Aaron is one of them. Able to play only a couple of months a year, he has shot a 75. He shook hands with Rodgers and said it was nice to meet him. "But what I mean is . . ." he said, and resumed the baseball talk.

In the fifth inning that afternoon, with Joe Torre on first base, Mike de la Hoz had singled to center field. Willie Davis, characteristically, had thrown high over the cutoff man's head in an unsuccessful attempt to get Torre at third. "Mike should have taken second,"

Aaron said. "You have to anticipate that the outfielder will goof up one way or another."

Mike scored anyway, and the Braves won. Otherwise Aaron wouldn't have broached the subject, because he played under the late Ben Garaghty at Jacksonville in 1953. "I had a hell of a year," Henry said, "but one day I stole second three times. Each time I left the bag before the second baseman gave the ball back to the pitcher, and each time I was tagged out. He really chewed me."

"Ben never said anything after we lost, but if we made mistakes in a game we won we'd hear about them. He was the best manager I ever played for." (In 13 big-league seasons Aaron has played for Charlie Grimm, Fred Haney, Charlie Dressen, Birdie Tebbets and Bragan, who among them managed 10 big-league teams and won five pennants.) "I think Ben should have had the Milwaukee job after Haney," Aaron said. "He handled each guy differently. I believed after Jacksonville played the Red Sox an exhibition game in '53 that I was as good as some of their players, but Ben never told me how good I was—just how good I could be. He taught me to study the game and never to make the same mistake twice. I know how badly he wanted to manage in the big leagues, so I know how much it hurt him when he didn't get the job. Even if they'd made him a coach, it might have helped."

On the plane to the All-Star Game in St. Louis, the passengers had finished their complimentary cocktail and their glass of champagne, and two of them approached Aaron with paper and ballpoint pen. They were longtime admirers of his, and would he please sign this for the kid "What's his name?" Henry asked, then inscribed best wishes to Danny. The two guys said they were from Tupelo, Miss., and that they hoped Hank would really tear up that American League tomorrow. He said thank you.

"Yeah, I remember Tupelo," Henry said later. "I drove through there a few years ago in a brand-new Oldsmobile." A Negro, and a very dark Negro at that, driving through Tupelo, Miss. in a shiny new Oldsmobile. "A cop got behind me when I crossed the city line, and he rode on my tail all the way to the other city line. I remember Tupelo, all right."

Aaron is aware that in the past decade he has enjoyed the insulation of prominence—but he hasn't enjoyed it. "They

don't give me a bad time, because I'm somebody special. But that doesn't help my brothers and sisters, and anything that happens to any member of my race happens to me. I know how it feels, because sometimes people don't know who I am. The South doesn't have any monopoly on prejudice. At least the people in Mississippi have the guts to tell you they don't like you, and you know what to expect. But in the North they do it differently. I went into a restaurant in New York City one afternoon, and they wouldn't serve me. They didn't say they wouldn't, they just left me sitting there."

Aaron was born in Down the Bay, a Negro district of Mobile, Ala. It isn't at all down the bay, and nobody remembers why it was called that. Thus nobody knows exactly why the kids of Down the Bay considered themselves superior to those of Toulinville, an outer district where Henry's father moved his wife and eight children. Thus was the first discrimination Henry ever knew. "It wasn't white to black," he says. "It was black to black. They just thought they were better than we were. Anyway, it cost me my first chance at a big-league tryout."

Neither Central High School, where Henry went for a while, nor Josephine Allen, the private school where he finished, had a baseball team. The emphasis was on football, so he played half-back and end. "I was pretty good," Henry says, "but I didn't especially like the game." He played on the schools' softball teams, and by the time he was 15 he was playing infield and hitting cross-banded for the Mobile Bears, a sandlot club. "Sometimes on Sunday I'd make five or six dollars."

The Dodgers held an annual tryout camp in Mobile, one of those curiosity ones in which a scout watches each kid pick up a few ground balls before telling him he can go. "When it came my turn," Henry says, "some big kid from Down the Bay pushed me aside, so I never got a chance."

Occasionally the kids from Toulinville would tire of being upstaged, and there would be a gang fight, but young Henry never was involved. "I don't want to brag," he says, "but I've never been in trouble. My mother would tell you I always was a sort of mature kid. I guess it was because I've always been a loner. Even in the big leagues, except when Bill Bruton was my room-

mate, I've kept pretty much to myself."

Aaron's roommate on a recent road trip was a book on the laws of Georgia real estate, which he was reading in case he ever decides to move to Atlanta permanently. Both Henry and his wife, Barbara, have studied to qualify for real-estate licenses in Wisconsin. The Aaron-Bruton Investment Co. (with Tom Cheeks, a teacher, as a partner) has assembled about \$75,000 worth of residential properties near Milwaukee.

When Aaron reached St. Louis a man approached him and asked if, on his next trip in, he would talk to a Negro group, largely kids, and Henry said he would. As strong as his feelings on civil rights are, a membership in the NAACP is the extent of his active participation. "I'm approached all the time," he says, "but I feel that the only effective movements are the nonviolent movements, and I can't guarantee nonviolence. I don't feel nonviolent about it."

A white man found this out one day when he questioned the right of Aaron and several other Negro ballplayers to stand and talk on the sidewalk in front of a Tampa hotel. A Negro teammate found it out in the Braves' dressing room when he tested the theory that it is in for one Negro to apply racial epithets to another. Aaron will testify in no precise details to either incident, but he concedes that in each case his

resistance was definitely not passive.

It is unlikely that Henry will ever apply for a Georgia real-estate license, although he has been pleasantly surprised by Atlanta. Life at 519 Lynnhurst Drive, in a comfortable brick ranch house on two rolling, shaded acres of grass, has been as idyllic as air conditioning can make it. Barbara finds food prices high, but racial tensions are uncommonly low in this most cosmopolitan of cities below the Mason-Dixon line. Two-acre plots considerably diminish the significance of racial composition but, for the record, Lynnhurst Drive is a mixed community.

"Yes, I was disturbed last year about the move to Atlanta," Henry says, "but the racial situation was a minor factor. We were happy in Milwaukee. I've never found a better place to bring up kids. There are so many different things to do."

Such as parks and beaches and things for the kids. And for Henry, the kid from Down the Bay who had found a way of life in Milwaukee, there were handball games at the firehouse, golf on the municipal courses until it was time to go hunting and a quick ride to Chicago to catch Sammy Davis Jr. or a musical fresh out of New York. And, most of all, there was the civic embrace of Milwaukee fans in those first few years, the most aggressive acceptance a baseball team has ever known. "The

continued



AT HOME IN ATLANTA, BARBARA AARON POSES WITH HANK JR., CORINDA AND LARRY



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HILTON HOTELS

DOUBLE A continued

fans here in Atlanta have been great," Aaron says, "especially the way we've been going. They haven't ever hooded anybody but the manager. But—I don't care how many people they draw in Los Angeles—there never will be anything like the way they treated us in Milwaukee in the early '50s."

"That's Hank's," Dorinda said, pointing to a picture in the family snapshot album, "and Larry. They go to camp. Gail goes to camp, too." And Dorinda will go to camp. Henry Jr., 9, and Larry, 8, would play baseball all day if their mother didn't call a halt. "But I want them to be interested in other things," Henry said. "I wouldn't mind their being ballplayers, but only under one condition: they have to be good ballplayers. I've seen too many guys go up and down. I think it hurt my brother that his name was the same as mine. People expected things of him that he just couldn't do. I don't want my kids to have to face that kind of pressure." (Tommy Aaron, now 27 and playing for Richmond in the International League, still is an unquestioned artist as a first baseman-outfielder. But in two seasons with the Braves he had a .222 average and was gone.)

Gail, 11, will go to college first. "I want my kids to have the chances I never had," Aaron says. "My father was a welder in a shipyard, and he couldn't do it. He made a living, but he had to make ends meet, week to week, in those days. I think he did pretty well to put three kids through college." Herbert Aaron, now "about 65," did very well, but he has had a little help putting Henry's youngest sister through Florida A&M. After the 1959 season there was a short-lived television production called *Home Run Derby*, and Henry Aaron hit more balls out of cozy little Wrigley Field in Los Angeles than anybody else—Mays, Jackie Jensen *et al.* For this he won \$13,500, and with this he acquired a grocery store and two houses on Andrews Street in Mobile. His father has been operating the grocery store ever since.

"I'm not laying out any program for my kids," Aaron says. "I want them to be what they want to be. I've seen people decide they want their kid to be a doctor or something. Then the kid changes his mind, and it's like an explosion in his parents' life. I just want them to have the chance."

The chance is further insured by an-

other 50 or 75 acres of property 10 miles outside the Mobile city limit. Most of the real estate Aaron owns is either dormant or in a break-even rental status now, but he believes he will activate it when he's through playing.

"Real estate is the thing I know, outside of baseball," Henry says, "but I'm not thinking about that now. I want to play as long as I can, but I want to quit before I become a burden. I don't want to stay too long. It's a great thing to go out of this game gracefully."

It would be another great thing to make 3,000 hits, joining a select company on a plateau that Rogers Hornsby and Willie Keeler just missed, and Henry will pass 2,400 in late August. "That's my goal," he says. "If I make that, I figure the other things will fall in place." Some home runs will fall in, as 424 had by this year's All-Star break. Babe Ruth's record 714 is remote, but there are those who expect 200 more home runs of Willie Mays, who is 35; it is hardly less realistic to expect 300 more from Aaron, who is 32.

Aaron has hit three homers in a game and 45 in a season, but one stands out in his memory. The score was 2-2 in the 11th inning at Milwaukee on the night of Sept. 23, 1957, and the magic number for Milwaukee's first pennant was 1. Billy Muffett, a curve-baller, was pitching for the Cardinals, and he hadn't served a home run all season. He threw a curve. Bad Henry swung, Wally Moon went back to the 402-foot sign in center field and jumped, and urchins who should have been home in bed scrambled for the ball in front of the cedar trees. Braves General Manager John Quinn and a cast of thousands burst into tears of joy.

For several seconds of Milwaukee's finest hour Henry Aaron wasn't there. Running between second and third base he was back on Edwards Avenue in Mobile, on his way home from school. The day was Oct. 3, 1951. Henry had just heard on somebody's radio that Bobby Thomson had homered to win a pennant, and he ran the rest of the way, giving a little leap every few steps as Thomson did. The cross-handed-hitting Negro sandlotter from Toulminville was Bobby Thomson that day, and he was again that night in Milwaukee, until he rounded third, saw the reception committee and knew it was at least as much fun to be Henry Aaron.

END



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Sailors of the Shadowed Skies

The sailplane pilot lives in a unique, soundless world of clouded beauty and three-dimensional exhilaration. Once released from the lumbering towplane (see next page), there is only the man in his fragile machine, ready to catch the slightest lilt of a wave or lift of a thermal, soaring as high as a jet, as far as daylight allows. It is this joyful escape, this bright voyage on a deceptively pacific sea of cerulean blue, that brings sailplane pilots from all over the East to ride the waves of Sugarbush, Vt., scene of these pictures.

Photographs by Constantine Manos













A Cub tows John Mecone (left above), who finds a wave that takes him to 14,000 feet, where the canopy frosts and oxygen is necessary (above). When the lift goes, planes come barreling home. Soaring is not only escape, its competitions are most exacting, as one discovers on the following pages.



The Long Ride Home

by Harold Peterson

Like dragonflies usurping a hornet's nest, the sailplanes took over Stead Air Force Base near Reno last month for the U.S. National Soaring Championships. Sixty-five of them lay beside the jet aprons, where signs still warned, "CAUTION. Keep Clear of Jet Exhaust, Min. Safe Distance 200 Feet." There were no signs to warn the visitors about deserts and angry farmers and hungry cows and quicksand, and there was no need. Sailplane pilots know all about such things as that.

Graceful and perishably beautiful, the sailplanes presented as pretty a sight as can be found in sport, but in competitive soaring beauty is only a pleasant byproduct of efficient design. And as what local newspaperman Mark Twain used to call a Washoe rephyr swept down from the burnt-brown Nevada hills, setting the tightest tied sailplanes to twitching at their moorings, one was reminded how eagerly and well these ships fly. A sailplane is flight stripped to its basic fascination—two wings and a tail, with bare accommodation for one man.

Sailplanes that weigh no more than 600 pounds have soared to 46,000 feet, higher than any Boeing 727. In this national championship one craft would log 456 miles in a day, and another—George Moffat's Austria SH-1—would average 71 miles per hour this very afternoon, including pauses to find lift and circle for altitude.

"Quiet in the hangar, please!" ordered

With sunburst on its tail, zero eight Romeo glassades across sky.

Competitions Director Marshall Claybourn at the opening morning pilots' meeting. "The first day's task is a speed task," Moffat, holder of the international speed records for 100- and 300-kilometer triangles, permitted himself a short smile. "... 101 miles to Hawthorne and return on a true course of 139° Shear should develop at Walker Lake, with isolated cu's south of this line. ... " Moffat made brisk notes. "The takeoff line closes at 1730, start and finish gates at 2030. The CAP plane will leave the turnpoint at 1900 hours. Towplanes will give the usual signal—rocking of wings and a rattle of the rudder; that's when you drop off. If you come down, have your crew give us exact latitude and longitude."

When the meeting was over, Moffat stood up and placed a big brown Australian station hat on his head. "Shear," he explained on his way to the weather shack for his daily extra pumping of Weatherman John Marsh, "is caused by a convergence of air masses. Where they meet, the air sure as hell can't go down, so it's got to go up—18,000 feet at least." George, who is 39, teaches English literature to prep school boys at the Pingry School in Elizabeth, N.J. Sometimes he talks like an English teacher. Sometimes he doesn't.

"Could you say a word about the anticipated strength of those thermals?" he asked Meteorologist Marsh. "Quite strong," Marsh said. Moffat looked satisfied. Thermals—columns of warm, rising air caused by uneven heating of the earth's surface—are steppingstones in the sky for soars, whose chief expertise consists of knowing how and when to skip from one to another. Thermals are generally marked by fluffy cumulus clouds—cu's in soaring shorthand—and, along with shears and standing waves in the lee of mountain ranges, provide the levitating force on which sailplane pilots depend. Improvising a course through this visible and invisible geography of the sky while simultaneously maintaining a balance of speed and altitude is the major appeal of soaring.

Any competent soaring pilot can find these things, but only an expert can employ them to full advantage. "There is a strong temptation to go where some-

one—anyone—is circling, or to work a thermal all the way to the top," says Moffat, who is a precisionist. "It's not how long you use a thermal but how fast you go up that counts. In a really good one, it's possible to climb darn close to as fast as a jet. You should use only about 30% of a mediocre one, then go off and find another.

"It's important, on the other hand, to avoid the thunderstorms into which cu's may develop. Thunderstorms around here are so big that the blow-off ice crystals blowing off the anvil of the thunderhead—will just shut your lift off. Or one can very easily suck you up beyond your oxygen capability. Ben Greene was lifted at better than a mile a minute once. At that rate you can quickly lose your wings and, very shortly thereafter, yourself."

At the tie-down area Suzanne Moffat, a pretty, spry girl of 26 who uses the wind as her hairdresser, helped her husband check emergency supplies. They inspected the first-aid kit, concentrated food, flash and flares.

"We're plagued with people who want to emphasize the danger," George said. "Just flying a sailplane around is safer than power flying. One fundamental safety factor is the soft landing. You have marvelous control—anywhere between a 40° approach with full dive breaks to 3° with none. In contest or record flight, of course, you're definitely stretching a little. On a glide you may easily reach 150 mph where the placard speed is listed at 86." Placard speed is that beyond which the manufacturer makes no guarantee that things will not start coming off.

"You just have to plan the landing right the first time," Suzanne advised calmly, helping ground-crew chief Ralph Boehm transfer oxygen to the Austria's small bottles. Everything else was already tucked into the tiny cockpit—charts, cushions, water, dried apricots. There they shared space with a few simple controls—stick, trim tab, rudder pedals, towrope release—and no more gauges than one can find on a car's instrument panel: altimeter, accelerometer, air-speed indicator, oxygen gauge and three variometers to measure lift. Moffat also had a strand of red yarn taped to

continued

the canopy to measure yaw. The wing surfaces had been sanded, resanded, washed and polished by diligent Jo-Ann Boehm. "We don't use wax," says Suzanne. "It collects dust."

It was time to wheel the N8708R into the latticework of sailplanes—65 of them, in three interlapped rows—that comprised the flight line. Towplanes picked gliders one by one off the front of the formation. There began the small ritual, the details of which varied only slightly in the 10 days of the Nationals. Suzanne caulked the dive brakes with children's modeling clay while George buckled on his parachute, sandwiched his 6 feet 2 inches into the cockpit, tested his oxygen and sucked experimentally at the water tube. Ralph taped the closed canopy with white plastic tape and gave it one last polishing before hooking up the yellow towline.

Suzanne, who has 160 soaring hours of her own, is entrusted with running the wing—keeping the sailplane's wings level until it has gathered speed—and she is good at it, maybe because of her knees. She imagines she has knobby ones, a suspicion reinforced by her fa-

ther, a General Electric physicist who started her soaring at 14. "Good thing, too," he always said. "Gives you better leverage for running the wing."

Airborne a short 100 feet down the runway, the Austra soared above the Cub's slipstream over the far khaki mountains and around a right-hand turn up to the 2,000-foot release point.

After release, Moffat swooped into a populous dry thermal handily located above the base. Such a flock of sailplanes is called, descriptively, a gaggle. From bottom to top, the column was one great helix of soaring planes, white as sea gulls, languid as Cooper hawks. Suzanne and the Boehms watched from the car, tuned to the BEI radio.

"Zero eight Romeo ground," George said now from the radio. "I'm ready to start. You can move out to Yernington."

Yernington, a mining town known as Pizen Switch when the Comstock Lode was young, was 111 road miles away, halfway to the Hawthorne turnpoint by air. Boehm drove out of the air base and turned south on open highway. "What's the speed limit in this state?" he asked. "Reasonable and proper," said Suzanne

"Just shave and look respectable, and you can drive any speed you want."

Boehm wanted to drive fast and dad, hitting speeds of 97 with the 28-foot sailplane trailer in tow. At slightly lower speeds he drove while reading, while watching clouds, while standing in an open door and scanning the sky for planes. Just now he restricted himself to a conservative 85.

"I'm nervous," Suzanne announced, looking skyward. "Not me," said Ralph. "Dad's got everything under control up there. What can we do?" "Nothing," Suzanne admitted, unwrapping an orange lollipop.

Talk turned to assorted perils of soaring. "Paul Burke [director of the NASA flight research center and a leading warner] was telling us how he landed in a field, looked up, and here were a whole herd of cattle ambling over," Suzanne recounted gleefully. "You'd expect him to get out and beat them off, but he just ran. 'I'm afraid of cows,' he said."

"Reminds me of the time I found George bucked into a corner watching at them with a branch," Ralph said. "The cows were licking at a wing—they like the dope in the fabric—and their tongues are just like sandpaper. They'll take a wing right off."

Someone recalled how three-time national champion Dick Schreder landed in a nudist colony ("this is funnier if you realize Dick is so pure-minded he won't even drink tea"). These little mishaps occur with some frequency, and there were many in this contest alone. One pilot fell into a Marine mountain-warfare training center, another into the Nevada State Minimum Security Prison. ("I mistook it for a school playground until I saw the gun towers," admitted Irving Taylor. "By then it was too late.") Don Fisher landed on an abandoned stretch of the first transcontinental railroad, close to the site of the Golden Spike and nothing else.

Story time had outlasted the wide, admirably empty desert and lasted into the irrigated outskirts of Yernington. "Did George ever hear any more from that farmer whose alfalfa field he landed in?" asked Jo-Ann. "That little man was hopping up and down." "No," said Suzanne, "and it was oats. I remember, because oats were growing out of the trailer for a year."

"Generally," Jo-Ann explained later, "people will sit you right down at their



Suzanne and George Moffat plot a cross-country course.

dinner table. But that man just wasn't going to let George out of his field. George finally showed him a nice gilt-edged insurance card. I guess the man thought he was going to get rich."

More often, J. Q. Public just burbles, "Whatsamatter, sonny, the wind stop?" That line or, "Hey, mister, what's in that funny trailer?" will draw a laugh from the dearest sailplaneer.

George, especially economical with words in the air, broke radio silence to report that he had reached the turnpoint at Hawthorne and was only 10 miles from Yerington on the return trip. Boehm crept homeward at 60.

"You know what some of that stuff that looks like dry lakes is?" asked Suzanne, nodding toward some inviting landing places. "Quicksand. Isn't that nice?"

The Austria had landed long before the Ford arrived back at Stead—so long before that Moffat had finished first in the 65-plane field. "All gravy," he said, expressionlessly. "I hardly circled at all. The trick is to make up your mind early what a day can give you and then settle for nothing less."

To the other pilots and wives, already lining up chairs along the edge of the hangar's shade to sip cool drinks, Moffat was fastidiously magnanimous. "Just luck," he murmured. "I was the last person to get to the turnpoint before all the lift quit."

"Almost everyone here is somebody you'd like to know better—and I'm picky," said Suzanne, driving to dinner for 10 after drinks and changes at the Moffats' rented apartment. "At home, in Elizabeth, we hardly know a single person, and that is the way we want it. We enjoy each other and don't need anybody else. But this is old home week. I go wild. I'm hoarse from talking."

It was with some regret that everyone drove home from the evening of chatter and banter. George scrutinized a strange-looking set of clouds and sighed. "I'm just sure it'll be a hoonies chase tomorrow," he said.

"The second task," said Marshall Clayburn, opening the next morning's meeting. "will be a distance task along a fixed course—139 miles to Winnemucca and return and then along a line through Alturas, Calif." Westerly winds, it seemed, would range up to 35 knots, and thermals would be weaker.

Stuck with a late takeoff, Moffat com-

pensated by finding strong lift and making the most of it: after a rubber-burning ride, his crew had little more than enough time at Lovelock, its standby point, to consume milk shakes and hamburgers. Bucking heavy headwinds ("if you threw a refrigerator into this wind with its doors open, it'd fly downwind," someone grouched), return to Stead was slow enough to encourage the crew to pass the time in persiflage.

"I tell you, Ralph," said Suzanne, sobbing slightly after one valley, "I would never try to make George choose between me and flying. 'Cause I don't know how it would turn out."

"George met me at an airport and proposed to me at an airport," she said, now wholly serious. "Maybe that has something to do with our sensing in each other that we were sort of loners. I know I am. I never read the news. Couldn't care less. I live in a world of my own. Always have. Zero eight Romeo is cur baby right now, and she's enough. And we just keep a little apartment as a base; we use *everywhere* as home."

"Ground Romeo," George radioed as the crew approached Stead, "estimating Reno within the hour. Proceed to Doyle." Ground crew proceeded to Doyle (pop. 77), 45 miles northwest of Reno.

After a four-ice-cream-cone wait, ground had worries. It sighted interesting aircraft—a tanker refueling a bomber and three gliders that turned out to have contrails—but it neither saw nor heard Moffat. George, it later developed, had very nearly fallen ignominiously at Stead and then had had to limp all the way to Doyle. In the next 85 miles, through beautiful, deserted Lassen County, he found some of the waves and thermals that are expected where the Sierra flows down to the Great Basin, but only by hopscooting from cloud to cloud, winning out lift wherever he found it.

Peering at maps, Moffat's crew appreciated every scraggy airstrip, tested every infrequent field. Occasional gliders now glinted in the distances; thanks to sheer persistence and to surviving the downs near Stead, where planes had fallen like snowflakes, Moffat was overhauling the leaders. Suzanne threw rocks off runways, clambered over fences, galloped pastorally through thigh-high grass in search of hazards, brushed her hair in unconscious expectation of an imminent landing.

Suddenly, just below Likely, with the

moon well risen, George began to get more lift than he could use. "Moon thermals," said Suzanne. Whatever it was, the Austria soared on and on, past Alturas, past Davis Creek, Willow Ranch, New Pine Creek and finally, almost unbelievably, into Oregon, 439 miles from takeoff. The sun had dropped behind the mountains, shadows crept across wide, wild Goose Lake, a note of urgency crept into Suzanne's voice. Finally George yielded. He could no longer see the ground; he would land.

Boehm marked the road, flashing car and trailer lights. Suzanne marked the end of an imaginary strip. Heads craned into the deepening twilight. Abruptly, the hitherto invisible Austria materialized, looking big and black as a bomber, dipping down from dusk into darkness. It circled once, whistling a glider's jet-like whistle, dropped down over a barbed-wire fence, touched, hunched, then skidded and scraped to a stop. George was not yet entirely disengaged from his machine when his wife ran up to wrap her arms around him.

After George had flagged down a bemused motorist to sign his landing card, everybody worked rapidly to disassemble the ship, literally untangling the wings, and stuff it in the trailer. The field's mosquitoes had double rows of teeth.

And then came the long ride home. George, who had been in the air for 10 hours, who had flown 439 difficult miles, who would be at Stead at 8:30 tomorrow morning for another long task, drove all the way. He did not mind, he said. He probably would not have minded even if he had known then that his lead, based on that day's come-from-behind 991 out of a possible 1,000 points and the first of the day before, would slowly dissipate through the last days of the contest, leaving him second place in the Nationals behind Dick Schroeder. He was at this moment too happy a man to mind much of anything.

He drove across the moonlit black-and-silver landscape, joking about soaring ("hawks cheat; they flap") and about the scarcity of open service stations ("we can always empty gas-station hoses. Many's the time I got back to college that way") as long as anyone was awake enough. Then he fell silent, thinking.

At length he spoke again. "I like a life with a lot of margin to it," he said. "And I," said Suzanne sleepily, "love to hear things put right."

END

PEOPLE

Thundering down the green-sward, muscles abulge, came last year's Mr. Universe, covering the 40 yards in 4.8. Not bad—but not so good that the Baltimore Colts could find room at fullback for Penny Hantz's Bill March who, despite the nine years he has devoted to weight lifting, says football has always been his "first love." On the strength of that and him, the Colts had invited Mr. U. to training camp but after a few days were obliged to cut him from the squad; he was 26 and had too much to learn, they said. Not put off, March announced he would look for work elsewhere in pro football. "I may be 26 and old for a rookie," he said, flexing his 18-inch biceps and expanding his 48-inch chest, "but my 26 years are not the average person's."

As far as doctors at Houston's Methodist Hospital were concerned, the choice was his, but tube-sized Triumpher Al Hirt righteously refined all invitations from friends to join them at the Astrodome. Having checked into the hospital to whittle away at his 330-pound bulk (below),

Hirt argued that his willpower, not the strongest on earth, would be no match against "all the peanuts and beer and hot-dog smells around." So for two weeks he stuck steadfastly to water and vitamins and lost 50 pounds, and he'll return later this summer to surrender 50 more. But baseball remains on the outs. "Until I lose a full 100," said Hirt, "the temptations are just too great."

On a sort of nighttime shake-down cruise, Jerry Lewis' 65-foot, \$350,000 cabin cruiser began to sort of shake apart about a mile off the northern California coast. With furniture floating around the various saloons, Lewis turned *The Passenger* toward shore, anchored a quarter mile off the rocks and in the first light of dawn, along with four companions, made for land in a rubber raft. The raft captured some 30 yards short of the mark, dumping all occupants into the 52° water, and his new plaything broke its mooring and was dashed to pieces. Still and all, said the owner of the café in Gorda, the tiny coastal town where everybody died out, Mr.

Lewis, while not wise-cracking, "was poised and well-contained. He was most businesslike, a perfect gentleman, and did not complain unduly."

"I'll just sit around awhile and let the smoke clear," said Rodger Ward optimistically last June as he wound up 20 years in the cockpit and bade goodbye to auto racing. Then, somewhat prematurely, the two-time winner of the 500 climbed back into a convertible for a soapbox-derby parade in Indianapolis and perched high on the top of the seat. The driver, accountably flustered by the fame of her passenger, stomped first on the gas, reacted instantly by jamming on the power brakes and sent Ward sailing into the windshield. Brooded Ward, collarbone broken and trapped in a sling, "This is gonna hurt in golf game."

An insane quest for speed is running hydroplane racing into the ground, said Bandleader Guy Lombardo—who then indicted Guy Lombardo as one man to blame. Winner of 19 races in 1942 at speeds averaging 65 mph, Lombardo began to fit his boats with surplus aircraft engines after the war, by 1948 had won the Gold Cup and was pushing average speeds up toward 100 mph. And now, he says, unlimited hydroplane racing is not so much a sport as "a dog-eat-dog business with 2,000-horsepower engines and 200-mph straightaway speeds." Concluded Lombardo: if there is any hope of securing the sport and safety of old fans of preventing such tragedies as the four hydroplane deaths which have occurred in the last six weeks, horsepower and speed potential must be curtailed.

True to the form of bureaucratic planning, Earl Hines, on tour for the State Department, showed up for a concert in janzhungry Tbilisi, the capital of the Republic of Georgia, the same day a night World Cup soccer

match between Russia and Italy was being piped in from England by television. "The big hall was not exactly full," said "Fatha" Hines, but for those able to wrench themselves away from the tube and truck on down "the action was terrific."

Polling their chins while searching for just the right man to complete a team of Commonwealth all-stars, officials of England's Hurlingham Polo Association settled, at length, for the husband of the Queen. Fete by me, said Prince Philip (below), and in October he will join the others for an international tournament in Argentina. Philip is the first member of the royal family to represent England in sport, and all must take the basis of his selection was merited by merit. One is reminded that the man is a five-handicap player (10 is too good to be true), and, says a Hurlingham spokesman, "the Prince is in top form, he has been playing a ver- sound game lately, he is exceptionally strong, and his teamwork—one of the most important things—is first-rate."



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Buckpasser: a three grows in Brooklyn

Beating his elders in the Brooklyn Handicap, Ogden Phipps's bright 3-year-old moves up to 10th on the earnings list and could become—with two more wins in August—the youngest millionaire in history

Thoroughbreds—like boxers or tournament golfers—often tend to lose confidence in themselves when sent against older and more experienced competitors. Though the most promising 3-year-olds may be capable of attaining sufficient physical and mental maturity in midsummer of their sophomore year, few of them are dispatched to do a man's work against the handicap division until the fall.

Consider the Brooklyn Handicap, in its 78th running at Aqueduct last week. Only nine times since the Brooklyn was first run in 1887 had a 3-year-old beaten his elders. The last one was *The Chief* in 1938 (carrying 105 pounds), and the weights carried by the other eight varied from 99 pounds on *Superman* in 1907 to the 113 on Alfred Vanderbilt's great *Discovery* in 1934 (*Discovery*, incidentally, won the Brooklyn the following two years, once totting 136 pounds.)

Last week this exclusive club admitted a 10th member: Ogden Phipps's world recordholder, *Buckpasser* (SI, July 4), who was carrying top weight of 120 pounds. Thus he gave away seven to 13 pounds in his first attempt at the mile-and-a-quarter distance.

What this means in terms of *Buckpasser*'s victory—and an equally fine runner-up performance by *Buffie*—is that *Buckpasser*, who has been rated an exceptionally good horse ever since he won nine of 11 races and \$568,096 last season, must now be graduated into the potentially great category. It also means, in my book, that *Buckpasser* is at this moment the best horse, of any age, in training.

There is no telling just how fast or how far he will go—or how much money *Buckpasser* is capable of winning before he gets through his own first handicap year in 1967. Already, for example, he has won 16 of his 19 races, and the Brooklyn Handicap victory (the 27th

stakes win of the year for the Phipps's trainer, Eddie Neloy) brought his two-season total to \$900,579. This is good enough to replace *Swaps* in 10th place on the all-time-earnings list. Not bad for a colt who missed the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont.

Should he now win the American Derby at Arlington Park on August 6 and the Travers at Saratoga on August 20, *Buckpasser* would become the first 3-year-old millionaire in racing history. Still, *Buckpasser* is not there yet, and the terrifying way he runs his races—either by loafing or acting unpredictably

lends new excitement to the scene every time the big bay takes the track. To the crowd of 44,144 at Aqueduct, who sent him off last week as the odds-on 2-5 favorite (resulting subsequently in a minus show pool of \$16,004), there was obviously no way that *Buckpasser* could lose.

Eddie Neloy, who knows as well as any man on the racetrack that horses do not last as long as they used to and that this year's handicap division is a far cry from the strength seen in many seasons, had some reasons of his own to add to the mood of confidence.

"We noticed," he had said, shrewdly, "how a 3-year-old like *Fast Count* beat older horses in the Massachusetts Handicap and then how *Buffie* did the same thing here in the Suburban. So we had to think *Buckpasser* could do it, too."

Cain Hoy Stable's *Pluck* (second to *Buffie* in the Suburban) figured to set the pace. It would be *Buckpasser* and *Buffie* in careful pursuit. Instead it was *Buffie* who broke on top, with *Buckpasser* just behind him and *Pluck* alone in third place, where he stayed from start to finish. The other two runners, *Paoluccio* and *Tio Viejo*, who sound like a Latin dance team, had a race of their own for fourth and last places, which is exactly where they wound up.

Jockey John Rotz, ahead *Buffie*, had thought Manuel Ycaza would take the lead with *Pluck* and was surprised when he found himself in front. "I didn't want the lead," he said later, "but there I was, and I had to make the best of it." Ycaza, in turn, wanted the lead position badly but never made it.

As it was, Rotz and *Buffie* set a slow enough pace, with *Buckpasser* never more than three lengths away. *Buffie* went the first quarter in 24 3/5 and the half-mile in 48 3/5. His six-furlong time was 1:32 2/5 and the mile was run in 1:36 4/5. One now sensed that *Buckpasser* had him measured for a quick stretch duel. And, sure enough, just after the pair left the quarter pole, *Brasão* *Bacza* put *Buckpasser* on the lead. It looked as if it was all over right then—but *Buckpasser*—even running out front—was no ordinary horse.

Having taken the lead, *Buckpasser* appeared to go into one of his not unusual loafing acts with an eighth of a mile to go. "He had it won," Phipps said later, "and tried to pull himself up." Not so, *Bacza* corrected. "He noticed the starting-gate tractor marks at the eighth pole and actually made a little jump over" them. I hit him once and he went on about his business. *Buckpasser*'s last quarter was a splendid, businesslike 25 seconds on the way to a final clocking of 2:01 4/5.

Less than a year ago Eddie Neloy took over the training of the Phipps's horses from retirement-minded Bill Winfrey. Neloy has steadily increased the successes of the country's most prosperous stable. And last week *Buckpasser* sent him once more to the winner's circle, along with Phipps and *Bacza*. The nervous and exhausted Neloy looked at another former Winfrey employer, Alfred Vanderbilt, and shuddered. "Now I know why Winfrey went to live in Switzerland!"

END

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BUSY HERO *continued from page 1*

They were greeted there by one Casey Conrad of the California Department of Education.

"I'm pleased to see that Jim wears glasses," Conrad remarked. "It proves he's human."

On Tuesday and Wednesday Ryun worked with Clarkson at various public schools in Sacramento, shooting pictures of the city's physical-fitness program for children. He chatted informally with the groups they encountered, was interviewed by a Sacramento paper and two local TV stations. In front of a TV camera Jim Ryun is no Johnny Carson. In one session he said, "We'll have to wait and see" no less than four times, which is amusing only in a negative sort of way. "Let's wait and see, let's wait and see," the live Jim Ryun laughingly parodied later as he watched his videotape counterpart on the television set in his motel room.

While in Sacramento, Ryun was called by a Washington group connected with the President's Council on Physical Fitness. Apparently, the mile record is worth \$50 a day just for openers. Would he like to earn that sum, plus expenses, for a six-week tour of the country, extolling the virtues of fitness to high school students? The money was attractive but so was his status as an amateur athlete. "I guess not," he finally replied.

On Thursday Ryun sandwiched a flight down to Los Angeles between confrontations with TV cameras at both the Sacramento and Los Angeles airports, then settled into a dormitory at the University of Southern California with the rest of the athletes competing in the International Games. His presence triggered an endless series of incoming telephone calls to the pay station on his floor. Hefty Neal Steinhauer, the Oregon shotputter, put in the better part of a morning blocking out one persistent caller by saying that Ryun was taking a shower. "But he's been in the shower for 45 minutes," the caller wailed about the third time around. "Jim Ryun is a very clean boy," Steinhauer explained.

On Thursday night Ryun was at Disneyland when a prosperous track fan came up to shake his hand, then pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, handed Jim a crumpled pressed \$100 bill and asked him to autograph it.

"I don't even remember whose face was on the bill," said Ryun. "All I could see was that big one, zero, zero."

Van Nelson, the long-distance runner from tiny St. Cloud State College in Minnesota, was present for this curious exchange, and was so impressed that he turned up two days later with a \$100 bill of his own for Ryun's signature.

By Friday night Ryun had adjusted to his new role as track's newest hero and was in a mood to reflect on what it all meant. After dinner at the Castaway restaurant in the hills high above suburban Burbank he lounged on the terrace, sipped at a Coca-Cola and looked at the lights in the valley below. At 19, Jim Ryun is nobody's fool. In the last two years he has matured rapidly. He now jokes where he once could muster only a shy smile. He is articulate where once he mumbled monosyllabically. He is now relaxed and open where once he was tense and withdrawn. He has suddenly gained the calm assurance of someone older than he has been through all this before.

"I guess the hardest thing to get used to is all the attention from the press and from television, the constant questioning," he said. "Some of the interviews are really good. When the person I'm talking to is genuinely interested in what I'm talking about it's pretty easy to get enthusiastic. But I'm never going to get used to the guy you've met maybe once before in your life who comes up, throws his arm around your shoulder, blows smoke in your face and says 'Hey, pal.'"

Nor can Ryun get used to answering the two questions most commonly asked: How fast do you think you can run? How do you stand the pain?

"Too much is made of the pain stuff," he says. "Running doesn't hurt that much. I've often tried to explain to people that there is more satisfaction than pain in a hard workout, but I guess too many of them just can't understand that work can be satisfying. Besides, if running a race hurt as much as people seem to think it does, I wouldn't get out on the track in the first place."

Ryun's stock response to the question of how fast do you think you can run is always the cautious, "Let's wait and see," but he does set definite goals. He firmly believes in goals and finds them a vital inspiration for his training.

"If you set up a goal of something like 3:50, say, for the mile run, it gives you a target to aim at," he says. "You think what a 3:50 mile really is—four

57.5 quarters—and you realize how much work you have to do to be able to run a mile at that pace. It's important, of course, not to get too discouraged if you don't make it."

Ryun's target this year had been to return the one-mile record, held so long ago by a fellow Kansan, Glenn Cunningham, to the U.S. But following the disappointing time for his mile win at the AAU Championships in New York (58, July 4), the record seemed to remain at least a year's reach away. Still, he was not particularly disappointed. All in all, it had been a good year.

"I had brought my best mile performance down to 3:53.7, and it had been a very good competitive year," he explained. Now that the record is his, however, he does feel a strong sense of relief and satisfaction. It has also altered somewhat his goals for next year.

"I haven't ever done anything good on the international level," he says. "I think now I'll begin to take the emphasis off trying to beat the clock and start think-

ing about beating the best runners."

Anyone who saw his explosive race at Berkeley would not consider this a particularly difficult assignment, even against Michel Jazy of France, the deposed record holder, or East Germany's Jürgen May, who came so close to Jazy's world record last January, or Kipchoge Keino of Kenya, who thrives on a diet of high-altitude training. Despite the pressure of planning a direct assault on the world record, Jim Ryun was as relaxed the afternoon of his record run as a man snoozing in a hammock. In fact, lying down outside the stadium not long before the race, the runner who was about to start carrying the often excruciating burden of being the man alone at the top, who was about to discover how often the penalties of fame have a way of interfering with his pleasure, who was perhaps about to change his whole pattern of life, almost fell asleep.

Ryun was awake but still utterly relaxed as the race began, and he settled into a good position behind the series of

leaders who had revolved to set a fast pace. For a few moments Ryun's legs felt a little heavy, as if they were losing some of their snap and spring, but when he took the lead with 700 yards to go he felt a sudden surge of lightness and strength. When he raced past the three-quarter mark and heard the time announced as 2:55 his first thought was: "Hey, maybe I can get under 3:50."

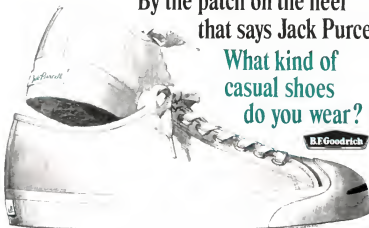
This sort of reaction may be the significant difference between Jim Ryun and any other miler in the world today. He possesses the fearlessness of extreme youth. An older, more experienced runner would almost certainly have thought: "Whoa, 2:55. Maybe I've been running too fast."

Suitable modesty and a large amount of good sense will always prevent him from saying so, but the next time he is asked how fast he thinks he can eventually run the mile Jim Ryun could skip the "I let's wait and see" routine and in all truth predict: "Oh, about 3:45. And not too long from now, either." **END**

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Homage to a Peerless Matador

To many people in the Spanish-speaking world Carlos Arruza was numero uno, the greatest of all matadors. When he died in an automobile accident last spring, his coffin was borne through the streets of Mexico City, watched by thousands of mourners who felt sure they would never again see Arruza's equal in the ring

BY BARNABY CONRAD



CONTINUED

Few people in the U.S. ever heard his name, but to Spaniards, Portuguese, Mexicans and South Americans, Carlos Arruza was a giant, the greatest matador in the history of Mexico. His dark good looks, his athletic prowess and his warm, elegant charm, combined with the mystique of the bullfight itself, placed him in a category that simply does not exist in this country. During his career he earned an estimated \$4 million fighting the bulls. Half a dozen books had been written about him, and a movie based on his fantastic life was being filmed. But last May, on a wet road outside Mexico City, a car in which he was riding spun out of control and crashed, and Carlos Arruza was crushed to death.

The afternoon it happened I had put in a call for him from San Francisco to Mexico City. I wanted to know if it was definite that he was fighting in Tijuana on the 29th, as I had four people who wanted to fly down for it with me. His wife, Mari, said that he'd taken the children out to the ranch but was expected home any moment.

Two hours later Jim Fergus of *Toro* magazine called to tell me he was dead. I sat stunned. Then, when I could, I phoned a friend who also knew and loved him. After the first intake of breath and a long pause, he said, "Well, he'd been asking for it for a long time."

And it was true. He'd started asking for it when he was very young.

"Hunger wounds worse than the bulls," the aspirant toreros like to say, but Carlos was not the archetypal, hungry-poor matador. He was not like Belmonte, who saw his 12 younger brothers and sisters carted off to the poorhouse and swore he would become the greatest and richest bullfighter in the world in spite of his puny body. He wasn't like the current star, El Cordobes, who, to get himself out of his hopeless squalor, marched off to the tauromachy wars vowing significantly to his sister: "I'll either dress you in gold—or I'll dress you in black." Although now a multimillionaire, El Cordobes still keeps a smoked ham hanging in his hotel suite to remind himself that he can now afford the whole *jamon serrano* when as recently as five or six years ago he couldn't even afford a slice. No, Arruza was unlike other toreros in the reasons for his drive—but the drive was there, and unmistakably there, right up to the moment of his death.

He was born of a middle-class family in Mexico City on Feb. 17, 1920, the son of immigrant Spaniards. His mother, a modern, capable businesswoman, owned successful stores carrying children's clothes, while his father was a custom tailor. Carlos was a vague, purposeless, happy-go-lucky boy until he was 13. Then one day his father took him and his brother, Manolo, 15, to a bullfight. That was the day, as he was to say later, "I grew up."

From then on the Arruza boys thought of nothing but bullfighting. They contrived to get themselves flunked out of several conventional schools so their father would let them join the bullfighting academy of Veteran Matador

Samuel Solis. Maestro Solis worked the boys unmercifully with the mechanical bull and the various cape maneuvers and exercises necessary to the profession. But on the first day that Carlos came to the act of the *banderillas* Maestro Solis saw he had a genius on his hands. Even as the Maestro was saying: "The way one places the *banderillas* is . . ." Carlos snatched up a pair of the frilled sticks and looped gracefully out toward the boy pushing the mechanical bull. Lifting the sticks above his head he jabbed the barbs perfectly into the cork shoulders of the contraption, letting the horns graze his rib cage. The amazed Maestro turned to the rest of the class, cleared his throat and said, "That, gentlemen, is the way *banderillas* are placed." The Maestro's amazement would never lessen. Arruza became one of the greatest *banderilleros* of all time.

A few months later the Arruza boys heard that a festival—a bullfight with small bulls and no picadors—was going to be presented at the big Torero Plaza. Manolo and Carlos decided to become *espadas*—they would jump into the ring for their first encounter with a live animal! They had their capes under their jackets and set off bravely for the arena. But the small bulls seemed to have grown as big as trucks when the time came for the boys to confront them. On the second bull Manolo whispered to his brother, "You could do better with the cape than that matador!" Carlos answered, "So could you! Go down there!" Manolo, wet with perspiration, hessed back "¡Yo voy go down there!"

Finally they agreed to go together. Warming their way through the crowd, they jumped down into the ring passageway and vaulted the fence. Carlos got to the bull first, flourishing his cape and shouting to attract its attention: "*Toro ab-lau*!"

He wrote in his autobiography, "As I watched the bull wheel and start to charge, the horrible thought struck me this was not a friend of mine pushing a mechanical bull this was a real and vicious wild beast. I froze for a fraction of a second. My first reaction was, God, he's going at this cape, so if I clutch it to me he won't see it and then he'll go away and leave me alone! That would have been fatal, of course, as the bull, following the movement of the cape, would have crashed straight into me. My next reaction was, God, he's going at the cape, so if I fling it from me he'll attack it and leave me alone! And as I watched the animal bear down on me, I thought, Mother, help me, this idea of being a bullfighter was complete manny! Mother!"

"But so intense had been my training that my natural reactions were nullified—like those of a well-trained soldier going into combat for the first time. Fighting my impulses, I held the cape out properly for the bull and made myself stand straight and as gracefully as possible, as though Maestro Solis were watching to see if I were keeping my back flat against that fence. Then as the horns came almost to my body I somehow swung the cape in front of the animal's nose and guided him past me, the horns just a foot or so away from my legs.

"Later I learned that the crowd yelled '¡Ole!' but I was too absorbed in what I was doing to hear anything. So it worked! It actually worked the way Maestro said it would. The bull went by without hitting me!

"On the return charge I grew bolder. I flipped the cape around behind my back and did a fancy *guarria*. Then another, and another, trying to work closer and closer and make each one more graceful. Now it wasn't so much different from the mechanical bull, except that the bulk of the animal's shoulder gave a different sensation as it went by, and also the real bull made a swooshing sound as it expelled its breath and seemed to charge faster than what I was used to. But how much more thrilling it was with a real animal! More exciting even than I had dreamed. What a sense of beauty and power, both at the same time, to control this deadly animal and do it gracefully!

"I guess I must have done five or six *guarrias* out there before I finally ended the series with a *serpentina* that swirled and blossomed out around my waist. Then I turned my back on the winded animal and strode away. I took a deep breath, the first since I'd taken on the animal. I suddenly heard the crowd cheering for the first time and that was very sweet too, though nothing compared to the exciting secrets the bull and I had just shared together."

Manolo then performed and did equally well. When the professional bullfighters tried to drag the boys out of the arena (the crowd set up such a howl) that the authorities were forced to let the boys continue. Manolo and Carlos flipped a coin for who would kill the animal; Manolo won, and dispatched the animal with one perfect thrust.

The next day their amazing performances were the talk of Mexico City. They were suddenly professionals, launched on bullfighting careers.

The Arruza brothers fought in Portugal and in all the provinces of Mexico. But as the years passed the novelty of the taurean child prodigies wore off. Manolo should have taken *la alternativa* by now, that is, graduated from *novillero* to full matador, but he had been born in Madrid and a boycott between the Spanish and Mexican *matadores'* associations prevented him from even performing. On Dec. 1, 1940, however, Carlos took his *alternativa* in Mexico City from the veteran Armillita and became a full-fledged matador.

Shortly thereafter Manolo was killed in a pistol accident that is still shrouded in mystery. It was rumored a suicide, a case of jealousy because Carlos was achieving more fame. But more persistent were the rumors that another member of the family shot him over a woman. Whatever the reason, Carlos was heartbroken, and his career went downhill as he dedicated himself to wine and women more than to the bulls. For several years he drifted, fighting only occasionally and with varying success.

Then in 1944, in Portugal, Arruza saw Manolote perform for the first time and was never the same again. The

continued



At the time of his death Arruza was a *rejoneador*, having mastered the art of fighting on horseback.

legendary Spaniard with the sorrowful face did things that Arruza had thought no mortal could do with a bull. He wrote: "So great was the impression that now, after all these years, I can see it just as though it were a motion picture in front of my eyes. The first thing I saw in Manolete was that he invaded an impossible terrain, 'crossing' with the bull in a straight line and, incredibly enough, on two or three occasions, even going so far as to go past the rear horn which he was citing. Maestro Solís had warned that this was fatal, and yet Manolete had got away with it! I lay awake all night thinking about it. What would happen if I went out there and had enough guts to reach the same distance and, once there, if I crossed all the way over to the opposite horn?"

"Every night that next week I spent tossing and turning, because this coming Sunday I was fighting again, this time with Domingo Ortega. I spent most of each day running the movies of Manolete, and practicing, with an imaginary bull, what I was going to try to do. Every night I fought the corrida."

"It was the custom to start to circle bulls that were slow to charge by eating them as one crossed with them, but at a distance that was mere or less sensible and without even taking a step closer toward the bull. Now we were going to see if my theory that each step be *toward* the bull as well as in a circle would work out."

That Sunday, Arruza found his style and was on his way to bullfighting immortality. Edging forward and across the line of the bull's charge, Arruza cited the animal along its opposite horn, something no one, not even Manolete, had ever done. When the bull charged, its entire

length rushed against Arruza and bumped him back, but the horn had missed.

A gasp went up from the audience when they realized what they had seen, but when Arruza repeated it again and again the gasps turned to cheers. Arruza was carried from the arena to his hotel by the crowd in one of the greatest triumphs Lishon had ever seen. Not long afterward he repeated the feat in Madrid. Suddenly, along with Manolete, he was at the top of the profession, billed as El Cidón. It was the perfect combination: the scientifically perfect Spaniard, with his haughty, regal, elegant style, and the Mexican cyclone, with his heart-stopping courage, his tremendous versatility and his charming little-boy manner.

They fought almost every day on the same program for the next two seasons and, though bitter rivals inside the arena, they became best friends out of it. Once when Manolete was wounded, Arruza dropped everything to drive him all night to a Madrid hospital. On the way, Arruza took a corner too fast and almost hit a tree. From the back seat, Manolete said softly, "It's too bad this man can't work as close to the horns as he does to the trees." Two days later they ended up in the same hospital when Arruza himself was badly gored for the third time in his life at Burgos. (He would be badly gored three more times in his career.)

The year 1945 was not only Arruza's greatest season, it was an historic one. He fought 108 *corridos* in the 180-day Spanish season, plus four in Mexico and four benefit (festival) fights. He killed 232 bulls and was awarded 219 ears, 74 tails and 20 hooves, roughly twice as many trophies as Manolete had been awarded. Although Arruza could have passed Belmonte's longstanding record of 109 *corridos* made in 1919, he stopped short out of deference to the grand old man of bullfighting. The Spaniards loved him for it. In a popular poll conducted by a Madrid newspaper Arruza beat out his friend Manolete as "the greatest *torero* in the world."

I traveled with Arruza that summer, saw at least half of those 108 fights and never again expect to see such performances. One of those fights was probably the greatest in history. A beautiful medallion was being offered to the bullfighter who put up the best display in a three-day fair. Arruza promised the medallion to his mother and he wanted to win it badly. He won it, and she still wears it.

I was on the scene at the time and was able to describe the fight in *My Life as a Matador*, which I wrote with Arruza. As American vice-consul at Málaga I had a fine, big house and was known as a friend of the matador's, so that's why the town council came to me. "Mujer, Señor Vice-Consul," they said. "We are going to present a gorgeous diamond medallion to the *torero* who gives the best performance at the bullfights during our annual fair. It is an exquisite thing, made especially in Madrid, at a cost of 9,000 pesetas, and we should enjoy the honor of presenting it to your friend Arruza in your house."

"The honor will be mine," I said. "But how can you be sure Arruza will put up the best show?"



When he was only 14 Carlos earned a sensational waltz-a-killed-but-wouldn't-be-scheduled—performance.

"He cannot fail," they said. "First, he is fighting both Friday and Sunday; if he is out of form or the bulls are bad on Friday, he will have another chance on Sunday. And secondly, Manolete, Arruza's only real competition, has been wounded and cannot fight."

"And thirdly," spoke up the town treasurer uneasily, "he has to be the best, for we already have his name engraved on the medalion!"

On Friday, Carlos arrived, and the town of Málaga was agog, because he had become the most sensational thing in bullfighting. When I went to see him the afternoon of the fight his face was pale and drawn. I could see that the 80 fights he had already fought had aged him.

"Chiquillo," he said, after we'd talked awhile and he had wiggled into the gold-brocade pants, "What's this about a medalion?"

I explained.

"Caracoles!" exclaimed Carlos. "They've put my name on it already! But anything can happen in a bullfight! How can they know if I feel like fighting? Or what about the wind? Or what about the bulls, eh? That slight detail must be considered—the bulls."

At 4 o'clock they paraded into the brilliant sun and the band blared forth with the *paseo doble* Carlos Arruza. His first bull was a bad one, but he did pretty well, and the *presidente* let him take a lap around the ring to receive the crowd's applause.

His second bull skidded out of the *toril* and brought some boos from the crowd because it was so small. But the boos switched to *olé's* as Arruza passed the bull closely three times, the lethal horns inches away from his knees. Few people objected when—after he had placed three beautifully executed pairs of *banderillas*, dedicated the bull to the glamorous gypsy singer Lola Flores and dispatched the animal with one sword thrust—the *presidente* granted him both ears and the tail.

The medal seemed cinched, especially after Estudiante and Morenito de Talavera, who had been good on their first bulls, were bad on the last two. I left the plaza jubilantly. The next day the program was Estudiante and Morenito again, plus a little Mexican Indian named Cañitas. Nothing to fear, we thought. We had seen Estudiante and Morenito, and who ever heard of Cañitas? An ugly little Indian who had been around Mexico for years, he was a competent, brave craftsman, but hardly in the same league with Arruza.

None of the three fighters was anything but discreet on his first bull. But then the trumpet sounded for Cañitas' second. Out it came—a monster weighing 1,700 pounds. Cañitas went pale when he saw the creature rip a section of the wooden barrier apart, but he set his jaw and you could see him telling himself, "If I'm going to die, I'll go out in a blaze of glory!" The bull ran around the empty ring twice looking for something to kill, and then Cañitas stepped out and dropped to his knees, letting it go by with a whoosh. A gasp of surprise went up from the crowd, who expected him to play the bull as safely as possible. Then, when he

passed the bull even closer, they set up a continuous roar. After numerous fancy passes with the cape, he placed three sets of *banderillas* with the arrogance of a gypsy, accomplished a *faena* with the muleta that bullfighters dream about and then drew back and dropped the bull with a sword thrust to the hilt. The crowd went wild and insisted he receive both ears, the tail and a hoof, all you can possibly get.

The next day was Sunday, and the town council came to see me with long faces. "Now what do we do?" they asked reproachfully, as though it were my fault. "Order another medalion," I suggested.

Arruza had arrived at 6 in the morning. He had fought in Puerto de Santa María the afternoon before and had driven all night to Málaga. I went to the hotel to wake him at 3. The idol of Spain was a mess. He looked green, and he staggered as he got up.

"I'm exhausted." The words tumbled out. "I've got a fever of 102. I can't go on like this every day. I never want to fight again. I'm going to go to bed for 10 years when the season is over. How was the fight yesterday?" Wearily he put on his frilled shirt. "I haven't seen the papers yet."

"Cañitas turned in the best fight of the season," I said.

Carlos stopped tying his tie. "Are you joking?" It was no secret that he and Cañitas had thoroughly disliked each other for years.

"No," I said. "He got inspired—fought as he's never fought before. Cut ears, tail—and a hoof!" I cleared my throat. "But—uh—you'll come up to the house for the ceremony anyway, won't you?"

Arruza regarded me quietly and said, "I'll be there, Chiquillo."

I think for the first time I felt the tremendous will and determination of this man. Under his pleasant, easy exterior he had a fierce, gnawing inability to allow himself to be second best to anybody in the world.

I made the error of taking two women to the fight. Carlos was first on the program, and when he got to his knees and let the bull pass by him four times so close that it removed part of his embroidered jacket, the girl on my right fainted. The other girl was about to do the same, but she was too busy reviving her friend. Carlos did every pass in the book, plus two of his own invention, and the girls couldn't stand any more. They left just about the time he dropped the bull with one thrust. The *presidente* signalled with his handkerchief for the *banderillero* to cut one ear, then the other. Next he signalled for the tail and finally the hoof, and Arruza circled the ring triumphantly, holding his prizes aloft.

It was a wonderful fight, and we were limp from the emotion of it. But we all knew in our hearts that Cañitas had been just a bit more reckless, more daring, more suicidal.

After Arruza came Parrita and Andaluz, both good bullfighters, but people were still groggy from the first fight and paid little attention to them. When Arruza came out to await his second bull, people applauded. But it is rare when

continued

a haultighter is able to put up good performances on both bulls, much less great ones, and the crowd expected no more from him that day.

The trumpet blew, the *torilero* jerked the rope that clanged open the heavy Gate of Fright, and out blasted the bull. It was a monstrous creature from Villamarta. Arruza studied it as it charged viciously against a *banderillo* and sent the top slats splintering into the air. Carlos was pale and looked as though he might throw up, but when one of his *banderilleros* started to go out to give the bull some testing passes, Arruza waved him back with a quick cut of his hand.

"*Fúgete!*" he ordered. "Hide yourself!"

Carlos stepped out shakily into the ring and stood there swaying. It seemed he, too, might faint. But when the bull spotted him, lowered its head and started across the ring, Arruza collected himself. Taking the cape in one hand, he dropped to his knees.

The bull thundered down on him. When it was four feet away Arruza suddenly swung the cape over his head, flashing it from the left side over to the right. The bull veered off course after the flare of cloth, and the animal's right horn narrowly missed Arruza's right eye.

A roar came from the crowd, and then more roars as Arruza stayed there on his knees and did live liquid, fantastic *faeries*, so close that each time cape and man and bull made a beautiful, blurry tangle of gold and black and magma.



Manolete (left) and Arruza, who often fought on the same card, were rivals in the ring, friends outside.

By the time the *banderillos* act came around the plaza was already a sea of white handkerchiefs demanding ears for the matador even if he did nothing else for the rest of the fight. Then Carlos placed the three greatest pairs of barbed sticks I've ever seen, running at an angle and sticking them in the withers with his arms high, his chest only inches from the horns, finally spinning to one side to let the bull hurdle by. He begged permission from the *presidente* to risk his life with still another pair. It was granted, and Carlos picked an impossible way to place them: with his back against the fence. He incited the bull, and stood there calmly watching it bear down on him. When the animal was two feet away Carlos raised his arms, dropped the *banderillos* in place and ducked to the side, the left horn grazing his waist as the bull crashed into the fence.

The trumpet blew for the death. With the scarlet rag and the curved sword in his hand, Carlos dedicated the bull, facing the crowd with exhausted, unseeing eyes. Then he went out for the last round.

His first pass with the *muleta* was the regal, dangerous Pass of Death. Carlos called the bull from 20 feet away, and as it charged by Arruza remained absolutely motionless, and straight, letting the bull choose whether it was going to crash into the cloth or into his legs. Still motionless, and without even looking at the animal, he let the bull wheel and charge again. And still again. Nine times he willed that bull into taking the cloth instead of his body, and nine times he should have been killed. By this time there were no oles from the audience, only hoarse croaks and cries of "Oh God, oh God!"

Then he decided to show the crowd his invention—the *arriate*. He flipped the *muleta* around behind his back and offered the bull only the small corner of the cloth that protruded. When the audience realized what he was going to try to do, they began to chant, "No, no, no!"

But the bull was already charging. Carlos went up on his toes, his stomach sucked in, and as the horn knifed by it caught the inside of his jacket and ripped it open. But he wasn't hit. He immediately crowded the bull, the *muleta* still behind him, and cited the animal for another *arriate*. This time the bull was halfway through its charge when it lunged to the left.

The crowd screamed as Arruza went up into the air, not high but clutching onto the horns of the animal, clinging to its tossing head and then spinning on the right horn. Somehow when his body slapped the ground he was stretched out under the bull, the length of his body between the animal's front legs and his head between the lowered horns. People hid their eyes, for there was no time for his helpers to get there and lure the bull off him.

Before the points could find the inert form, Carlos reached up and locked his arms around the bull's neck in a frantic grip. The bewildered bull spun around and around. Finally it gave its neck a great snap, and flung the man away. But before it could charge, Arruza's men had gotten between them and had attracted the bull's attention. Arruza lurched

drunkenly to his feet and stood there swaying, bruised and dazed, his uniform jacket in ribbons. Miraculously, he was not wounded.

"*Fuera!*" he yelled at his *banderilleros*. "Get out of the ring."

This is a customary theatrical gesture from matadors who have been tossed, but it is never taken seriously. The men stayed in the ring, ready for any emergency. Arruza repeated it.

"*Fuera!*"

The amazed helpers retreated. Arruza whirled on them and snarled, "*Fuera!* I said! Leave me alone with him!"

When they had all left the ring the matador turned to the bull, which was pawing the ground 10 feet away. Carlos dropped to his knees. He stared into the bull's hot eyes. Then he began to inch forward toward the animal. The bull shifted its feet, and the crowd gasped, sure that it would charge. But it didn't, it was as though the bull were hypnotized by the brute courage of this man-thing on its knees. Arruza kept coming, staring fixedly at the bull until he arrived at its very face.

Then, with the muzzle of the bull almost touching him, he leaned forward and rested his elbow on the bull's forehead. Then he rested his own forehead on the bull's right horn. Finally he took the horn tip in his teeth. A sudden lunge and the horn would have been spiked out through the back of the man's head.

He turned around and stared up at the crowd with the bull's nose against his back, a horn jutting out on either side of his head. We were afraid to scream for fear the noise would make the bull charge, but when he faced the bull again—and still on his knees—made it pass by four times, spinning in against the shoulder each time, a great roar burst from our throats. Finally, Carlos rose to his feet. He hurled himself between the horns, sank the sword in the shoulders to the hilt, and the bull only had time to cough once before it reeled and toppled over, dead.

Delirium took over the plaza. The *presidente* waved his handkerchief for one car, again for two cars, again for the tail, again for a hoof—and still again for another hoof. But still the crowd kept chanting, "*Más, y más, y más!*" ("More, more, more!") Finally, as it kept up and kept up, the *presidente* shrugged and said, "Take the whole bull."

So Arruza got the medal and we had a party, but our honored guest left at midnight. He had to hurry to Logroño for a fight the following day.

Arruza was rich and famous, and life looked good. But then, on Aug. 28, 1947, Manolete was killed. This came as a terrible blow to him. A couple of weeks later his friend Camencito was also killed in the ring, and only two weeks after that another young *torero*, Joselillo, was gored to death. Arruza had \$2 million by now, and so, in 1948, he decided to retire and live. In two years—what with traveling, bad investments, fast cars and faster women—he had lived himself out of every cent. He had also fallen in love with a beautiful upper-class girl from Seville named Mari Vazquez,



While accomplished in all aspects of his art, Arruza was more famous for his placement of the *banderillas*.

but he couldn't ask her to marry him, broke as he was.

He went back to the touring wars for as high as \$30,000 a fight, and married Mari in 1950. Three years and another \$2 million later he retired again and dedicated himself to raising bulls for younger men to fight and to enjoying his five children.

But he couldn't stay away from the arena. Golf and tennis and *jai alai* and water skiing just didn't do it, and he came back as a *rejoneador*. This very special science of lighting from horseback usually requires a lifetime of training. Arruza had never been a horseman, but now, with that tremendous drive of his, he set about to learn how one placed *banderillas* from a horse yet never let the horns touch the valuable mount. In a few years he had made himself into one of the great horsemen of the world. He loved his trained horses, each worth \$10,000, and he worked five hours a day with them.

Two weeks before his death I went to Mexico City and had dinner with him. He had had a fantastic series of triumphs, and I congratulated him. He looked better than I'd ever seen him. The touch of gray and the more solid face made him handsomer, and he seemed less nervous, less like the caged animal of old. But he told me he was depressed by the public's attitude.

"I'm billed as a *rejoneador*, I'm paid like a *rejoneador*, and I think I give them what they come to see a *rejoneador* do. But the very moment I come into the arena the idiots start yelling for me to get off the horse. And I can't do it anymore. In the first place, when your legs have been gripping a horse tightly like that for so long a time you can't

continued



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expect them to suddenly loosen up and perform the way they should for the muleta passes. Secondly, a bull used for *rejoneo* holds his head differently than one fought in a regular fight—he holds his head impossibly high. Yet the crowd demands a perfect *fornu* and kill and is disappointed if they don't get it."

I reminded Carlos that it was his own fault, his own greatness, his own fabulous prowess on foot that caused the crowd to demand that he dismount.

"Well," he said moodily, "I can't do it anymore, I won't do it anymore. It's too much to demand from an old man. I'm 46, not 26. I have tried to get out of all my contracts, but they won't let me. It will kill me."

Then he suddenly snapped out of his depression, laughed and said his current favorite English expression: "It's all ver' bad for my liver!"

But he did tell me he thought he was fighting May 29th in Tijuana, and when we said *adios* after a wonderful evening we said we'd see him there. He kissed my wife and told her not to have any more children right away, six were enough, and besides it was ver' bad for the liver. And that was the last time we ever saw him.

On the morning of May 20 he drove three of his children out to his ranch in the station wagon because his favorite horse, Belmontic, was ill. The children wanted to spend the weekend there, so Carlos left them and started driving back at 3:30 with his sword boy, La Rana (The Frog). Arruza, who had run the gamut from Rolls-Royces to a Mustang, was a superb driver, but after a while he grew sleepy. "Take over," he said to The Frog. The sword boy had been driving only a little while when it began to rain. As they came around a corner the car suddenly went out of control.

They crashed head on into a bus coming the other way. Arruza was crushed and could only gasp, "I can't breathe!" before dying in the ambulance on the way to the hospital.

Goodbye, Carlos Arruza. It is unlikely that the world will ever again see as complete and versatile a fighter of bulls as you.

END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by SANDY RAMRAS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Six months ago Lou Burdette thought his major league career, which had spanned 16 seasons and 195 wins, had come to an end. But one person who did not give up on Burdette was CALIFORNIA (3-5) General Manager Fred Haney, who was manager of the Milwaukee Braves when Burdette won three games in the 1957 World Series. Signed to an Angel contract, Burdette knew that he would have to earn a place on a young, fast-moving team. He did. His 5-1 record and four saves have made him one of the most important members of the third-place Angels. Lou passed a personal milestone in Yankee Stadium last week when he pitched two innings of perfect relief against the Yankees to win his 200th game. Hard-hitting shortstops helped both new boys (5-2) and aces (3-3). Horacio Clarke was moved into the Yankee lineup two weeks ago, and the team won six of eight as Clarke raised his average from .200 to .229. The Red Sox's lead-off man, Russ Petrocelli, with a season's total of 49 RBIs, sparked a streak in which Boston won 14 of 20. Early-season sensation George Scott, homeless since June 19, was benched for weak hitting. It took three losses to the Yankees and a fight between Traveling Secretary Howe Fox and Third Base Coach Billy Martin to ignite MINNESOTA (6-2). The Twins swept a four-game series from WASHINGTON (3-5), as Jim Kaat won twice, to become the winningest (114) pitcher in the league. Kaat's explanation for his record: "I'm throwing harder and trying not to rely on pinpoint control." The Senators had to depend on gift runs during a streak of 43 innings in which they scored only one earned run. Rookie Barry Moore made his first major league start a great one, three-hitting KANSAS CITY (1-5) to break the Senators' five-game losing

streak. Infielders Ken McMullen and Ed Brinkman contributed 16 hits to the Washington offense. For the second time this season an umpire put the A's speedy Campy Campaneros out of the lineup. He missed the first week of the season after an umpire stepped on his left hand in the last exhibition game in spring training. Last week, following his steal of third, Bill Kuntzman stepped on his right thumb, and nine stitches were required to close the wound. Manager Al Dark was slightly annoyed: "I'd never seen a bullplayer spiked by an umpire, but now I've seen it twice in half a season." Jim Nash won his third straight for the A's after being called up from Mobile. Since his three perfect innings in the All-Star Game, DETROIT (2-5) Pitcher Dennis McLain has been ineffective, losing three times and giving up 17 runs. When the Orioles drove him out in four innings (he gave up eight runs), McLain and Pitching Coach Stubby Overmire had a verbal battle in the clubhouse. Yelled McLain: "Stubby's trying to run the club." Responded Overmire: "You're popping off too much. I've been in baseball too long to be bothered by things like this." One thing Stubby could do nothing about was the number of runs his pitchers had given up; since July 16 Detroit starters have failed to lost more than five innings in six of seven games, and they have allowed CLEVELAND (3-5) and BALTIMORE (6-1) 70 runs and 114 hits. The Indians were slumping, losing 16 of 22 and dropping out of third place. Fred Whitfield won a game against the Tigers with a two-run homer and had three for the week. Frank Robinson (page 12) was almost unstoppable. His six home runs helped the Orioles extend their lead to 12 games. Even though CHICAGO (4-3) has won eight of its last 12, the White Sox were 20 games out

of first, their worst showing since the late 1940s.

Standings: Balt. 16-31, Det. 32-43, Cal. 52-46, Cin. 51-45, Minn. 48-41, Chi. 48-51, NY 45-54, KC 47-54, Wash. 42-58, Bos. 42-58

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Want to know the inside story on new york's (5-3) seven-game winning streak, a club record? Well, the secret is an old baseball, black with age and shaped like an egg, which Coach Yogi Berra was using for infield practice. Yogi produced the ball after the Mets had lost seven in a row (not a club record) whereupon the team immediately began to win. When Sandy Koufax finally stopped the Mets, Berra threw away the lucky ball. "We're superstitious to a certain degree," said Berra. More tangible reasons for the Mets' success are two Bobs, Friend and Shaw, both of whom came to the team in June and have added stability to a young and shaky pitching staff. They have also added eight victories, including two by Friend last week. For LOS ANGELES (5-3) Phil Regan won his seventh game in relief and lowered his ERA to 1.74, but the Dodgers were unable to gain on PITTSBURGH (3-3). "You've done a good job," Pirate Manager Harry Walker told his players after they had won two out of three from SAN FRANCISCO (3-3), whereupon the Bucs went out and lost two games to the Dodgers and Astros. Even so, they continued to have the top four hitters in the league. During the early part of the season Jim Ray Hart of the Giants was a top hitter, too, but during July he has been under .150. Rookie Bob Schroeder and world traveler Don Landrum made costly errors for the Giants one day and found themselves stripped of their uniforms and sent down to the minors the next. But there were a few bright moments for the

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Mike Shannon of the St. Louis Cardinals has finally begun to earn his stripes—if not yet his stars—as Stan Musial's replacement. Always an outstanding defensive outfielder with an exceptionally strong arm, Shannon has learned to hit. Says Manager Red Schoendienst, "Shannon has been a big reason for our team's recent improvement." Since the beginning of July Mike has batted over .415, with six home runs and 19 RBIs, and during that time the Cards have moved from seventh place—three games below .500—to 10th, only 9 games behind league-leading Pittsburgh. Last week Shannon was particularly destructive, going 5 for 5 in one game and hitting .454 as the Cards won six

in a row. Part of the reason why Shannon turned killer was his decision to use a lighter bat. "It feels more comfortable," he says. He is also waiting longer on pitches before he takes his swing, the result of working with Coach Dick Senter in the Florida Instructional League last winter. "We thought Mike was a guess hitter," says Senter, "and a guess hitter is a .250 hitter." During his streak, Shannon has not exactly been picking on passes, either. Two key home runs have come off the best pitchers in baseball: he beat Sandy Koufax in Los Angeles and Juan Marchal in San Francisco. In fact Shannon has become such a threat at the plate that his teammates have started calling him The Cannon. The Cardinals hope The Cannon continues to boom throughout the remainder of the season.



CARDINALS MIKE SHANNON

YESTERDAY

The Racing Earl of California

Earl Cooper was a little man who weighed 120 pounds—but he became a giant when he drove a big white Stutz

by WILLIAM F. NOLAN

In September of 1915 Minneapolis sports fans crowded into a new million-dollar concrete speedway at Fort Snelling to witness the track's first 500-mile auto race. National stars Barney Oldfield, "Wild Bob" Burton and Ralph De Palma were present with fast equipment—but the attention of the crowd was centered on the twin Stutz machines—two big white cars that would be driven by Easterner Gil Anderson and Westerner Earl Cooper.

For three seasons, competing in widely separated territories, Anderson and Cooper had won many important events for Team Chief Harry Stutz. Now, they were matched on the same track in equal cars with 500 miles in which to settle the question of who was faster.

Blowouts were frequent on the hot, abrasive concrete, and as tire problems slowed the competition Anderson and Cooper gradually outdistanced their rivals. In the closing stage of the race, they were running in tandem around the two-mile oval. Neither driver was extended, since Cooper had been forced to spend more time in the pits than his teammate and was scored a full lap behind.

With Anderson's victory seemingly guaranteed, fans were already beginning to drift toward the exits. But as the last lap approached, with the cars still running in close company, Harry Stutz was informed of a scoring miscalculation. Cooper and Anderson were actually on the same lap, two miles remained, and the race was suddenly wide open, with a \$20,000 cash prize waiting at the flag.

The twin Stutz racers full-throated down the backstretch, skidded, tires protesting, around the last turn and converged on the checkered flag for what proved to be the closest finish in the annals of major league racing. The front wheels of Cooper's machine were fractional inches ahead of Anderson's—and

the Californian took the checker by exactly 21/100ths of a second.

This hairbreadth victory, in the best tradition of the dime novel, was just one of many in the remarkable career of little Earl P. Cooper, who still remains the all-time AAA high-points leader, with a total of 13,530. He was also the first three-time AAA national champion; only four other drivers have since won triple-crown status.

Nebraska-born, Cooper drove his first race in 1908 in California. Barely out of his teens, he was then working as a garage mechanic for one of several San Francisco dealers who had organized a road race to help promote sales. Cooper prevailed upon a lady customer to lend him her brand new Maxwell for the event. He won the race, but lost his job. It turned out that the driver he had beaten was his employer.

Young Earl decided to enter the racing profession—and by 1912 his domination of local West Coast events earned him a personal invitation from Harry Stutz. Harry wanted Cooper on his team. Earl brought along his skilled riding mechanic, Reeves Dutton, and promptly won his first AAA championship event that year at Tacoma, Wash., defeating a field of the nation's best drivers.

By the end of 1913 the roaring road had a new national champ: the slight, 120-pound little man they called "The Earl of California." Cooper had rocked the experts by winning seven of eight events with Stutz.

All-out speed was not the reason for Cooper's dominance. In fact, the Stutz was actually slower than most of the other competitors, since Harry Stutz valued durability as the prime factor in his cars. Stutz racers were undergeared and the drivers were given strict orders never to abuse the engines. Cooper's victory string was, therefore, all the more remarkable.

continued



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Racing Earl *continued*

In 1915, with the sport of automobile racing at an all-high in popularity, Cooper became a public idol by earning the National AAA crown for the second time. During the following season, when Harry Stutz decided to abandon racing, Earl kept in the lists by buying his personal No. 8 Stutz to drive as an independent. Competing alone against heavy odds, he captured his third AAA championship in 1917—but World War I led to a temporary retirement.

By the close of 1921 he was back, driving a return contest at Fresno, Calif., with enough thrust to defeat the "invincible Irishman" Jimmy Murphy by just a few feet at the wire.

A year later Earl was an official member of the new Durant team, and with a hot car under his foot he added all-out speed to his natural racing shrewdness.

When he appeared at Indianapolis in 1924 aboard a Studebaker Special, he felt that he had a good chance to add the 500 to his record. His main rival was Joe Boyer in a supercharged Duesenberg Special, but Cooper was leading Boyer and the entire field at the 440-mile mark when a blown casing forced him to pit. He took up the pursuit and, with just 30 miles to go, was at Boyer's tailpipe seeking an opportunity to dive past, when another tire burst and Earl had to settle for second. It was the closest he would ever come to winning the Indianapolis classic.

As the 1924 season moved on, Earl was in an excellent position to earn an unprecedented fourth AAA title. All he needed to cinch the crown was a final victory at Culver City, Calif. He didn't get it. Bad luck dropped him to third in the race, and he lost the title by only a few points.

During the racing seasons from 1924 to 1926, piloting a Miller front-drive, Earl survived a crash to set new world track records. At a halting 40, with his major triumphs behind him, he had one last go at speed, finishing third in the 1927 Grand Prix of Italy at Monza.

Cooper wasn't ready to quit. He utilized his special talents as a team manager and served as a steward on the Mohl Economy Run. Eventually he moved quietly away from the world of automotive competition. His old No. 8 Stutz rests at the Indianapolis Museum, and Cooper used to visit it each year at race time. He died last fall at his home in Atwater, Calif.

END

BEST AT GETTING ON BASE*

National League	Appearances	On Base	Percentage
MORAN, Mo (318)	379	133	430
SAVIO, Ch (303)	378	155	410
STAROST, Phil (338)	340	119	349
CARTY, Al (314)	307	118	380
ALLEN, Phil (307)	319	109	340
DALRYMPLE, Phil (272)	254	87	342
MCGOVY, Ed (304)	336	120	351
CLINEBIE, Phil (337)	404	151	374
ARMSTRONG, Al (287)	403	149	371
TORRE, Al (292)	376	139	370
American League			
F. ROBINSON, Bert (378)	420	180	429
KARINE, Del (315)	371	179	482
SHOYER, Bert (332)	352	99	281
PONCE, Bert (304)	314	160	509
ROLESBREW, Max (278)	400	155	388
WHEELER, Ed (282)	370	127	343
WALKER, Bert (283)	363	126	347
SIEBERN, Del (288)	259	99	382
OLIVA, Max (377)	400	149	373
BLITARY, Bert (282)	373	138	369

Through July 23*

Graves. After he had struck out 15 batters, Gaylord Perry (14-2) declared, "I like a rick-out. It feels better when you don't hear the ball whistling by you." HOUSTON (3-5) Trainer Jim Ewell put Patcher Larry Dierker in the proper mood for work with some pregame music the night he was to face the Pirates. Although Dierker didn't like the Johnny Cash music ("I'd rather hear Sam Cooke," he said), he went out and pitched a complete game victory anyway. PITTSBURGH (3-4) continued to hang near the leaders, no thanks to Houston Astro turf. Left-hander Chris Short watched an end-of-the-but roller skid over the synthetic infield and into the synthetic outfield, thus allowing the winning run to score. "They can take this place," growled Short, thus joining a long line of discontented visitors. CINCINNATI (5-3) Temporary Manager Dave Bristol and ATLANTA (2-5) Outfielder Hank Aaron (page 22) almost had a fight at home plate after Bristol gave out the word that Aaron had "better button down his cap" because the Reds' pitcher might be a little wild. Replied Aaron: "Tell him he can take his psychology back to the minors." CINCINNATI'S (2-7) Ernie Banks has his 2,000th hit, a double against the Reds. The next day he got number 2,801 and won a game. Speaking about Robin Roberts, who had given up only two runs in 23 innings for the Cubs, Manager Leo Durocher said, "You can pitch when you're 50 years old if you use your head and never let them get a good pitch." (You hear that, Warren?) AS, LOUIS (17-1) pitchers turned hitters, starting rallies and/or driving in winning runs in three games.

Startings: Phil 58 28 27 58 45 14 55
40 Phil 52 45 58 48 47 Roy 48 45
48 45 52 Cox 44 52 NY 42 54 Ch 21 46

Photo by Ken Regan



WHAT IRRITATES JOHNNY UNITAS?

Being blitzed before he gets the pass off. Or missing a receiver who's in the clear—by just that much. (Particularly in the end zone.) Or playing "dropsie" on a hand-off.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SECOND STRING

Sirs:

The 1966 All-Star Game ends in yet another frustrating defeat for the American League and thousands of loyal American League fans must wonder why.

As I watched this game on television, I couldn't help thinking that the National League's starting lineup was preselecting, position for position, the top nine men in their league but that the American League was not.

Where, for instance, was John (Boss) Powell, the man who, in my opinion, will be chosen the American League's most valuable player at season's end? He wasn't even in St. Louis, though he is most certainly the league's outstanding first baseman.

And why was Dick McAuliffe at short and leading off against the game's best left-handed pitcher? Dick's own American League manager sometimes benches him against average left-handers. He has trouble hitting left-handed pitching.

Then again why was the light-hitting Bobby Knoop at second base? Great fielder that he is, he isn't in the same class as Bobby Richardson as an all-around second baseman.

Second guessing, as I am well used to, is frowned upon, but I still feel that an early-inning base hit by a John Powell could have changed the entire complexion of this so-called dream game and led to an American League victory.

So why, oh why, doesn't the American League make some effort to field its best team in All-Star time?

WILLIAM T. WELCH

Detroit

THE LIMIT

Sirs:

Recently I sent you an ill-tempered letter in criticism of your apparent indifference to four deaths in unlimited hydroplane racing. I am now sorry that I wrote that letter, and I apologize for it, because I find the subject very properly covered in your *SEVENTEEN* department of July 18.

Supplementing your editorial remarks I can only comment that in recent years the unlimiteds have reached their absolute speed limit. They skim the water with no frictional wetted surface except the tips of the stabilizing fins and lower half of the propeller. In the air man has been able to fly faster than the speed of sound and so pass the compression barrier. But, unlike air, water is not compressible so the unlimited hydro has itself become quite literally with no place to go.

Unlimited hydroplane racing has in recent years tended to become less and less an athletic sport, as so many of the entries now

have commercial sponsors and professional drivers. The same thing happened to automobile racing.

It reminds one of the spectacles of the Roman gladiators or, as you say, of Russian roulette.

R. H. MITCHELL

Cassopolis, Mich.

Sirs:

It would be interesting to know who wrote those knowledgeable comments in the *SEVENTEEN* "Lure of the Unlimiteds." It was obvious even to the casual reader that the writer had no idea whatsoever of the subject on which he was expounding so eloquently. He suggested that, perhaps, rules be imposed, regarding fuel, power, design and driver qualifications. Apparently, however, he didn't even bother to inquire beforehand if there were any existing regulations, because if he had he would have found very stringent rules and the names of individuals whose job it is to see that they are enforced. In fact, they cover not only all of the items mentioned by your writer but hundreds of other items as well.

JERRY LAKE

Dearborn, Mich.

● For the views of a man who has a pretty good grasp of the subject (the practically invented sport), see page 38.—ED.

CUT AND DRIED

Sirs:

In your July 18 issue (*How cut Black Movers live?*) you stated that on July 5, 1965 Woody Fryman was "picking tobacco and pushing a plow." I think you are trying to make a bunch of cotton pickers of us hard-working tobacco farmers. Burley tobacco is harvested in the fall, not in the middle of summer, and is never "picked." It is cut, dried and stripped.

DANNA OUBREIN

Vanceburg, Ky.

SURVIVAL

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the second half of *Babel in the Woods* (July 11 & 18) and would like to comment that it is a superb job. My sincere congratulations to you and to Miss La Fontaine for a very perceptive and revealing article.

The article mentions that there is a total of 19 Outward Bound Schools. I think your readers would be particularly interested in knowing that there are already four American Schools for boys—in Colorado, Minnesota, Maine and Oregon—and a fifth will open next April in North Carolina. Each school uses its unique environment to at-

tain the same objectives described by Miss La Fontaine. Any inquiries should be directed to Outward Bound, Inc., Andover, Mass. 01810.

Thank you for bringing the Outward Bound story to your readers in such an effective way.

JOSHUA I. MENDEL, III

President, Outward Bound, Inc.

Andover, Mass.

Sirs:

In your July 18 issue, Barbara La Fontaine describes a test of what she calls "survival," in which a group of girls are left in the woods for three days. Each session was allowed fishhooks and line, four matches, a tin can and some Band-Aids.

One girl ate some berries, another a couple of frogs and a third a dozen ants. None of them caught any fish, and there is an implication that none of them traded very hard. What they really did was simply sit out the three days, patiently waiting to be picked up.

This is not survival. It is fasting, and it might just as well be done at home. What in the world was the experiment supposed to prove? Certainly not that those girls could stay alive in the woods without help. It proved exactly the opposite. They meekly sat and starved.

Whatever happened to the Camp Fire Girls? They were doing better than that back in the '30s.

DEBBY BUTLER WHITMAN

Windsor, Wis.

Sirs:

What a witty, tender and really understanding article Barbara La Fontaine has written about Outward Bound. I know something about the subject because I was director of the first OB-school in this country at Marble, Colo.

I remember one boy from Kansas City who came face to face with the reality of the wilderness, up above Lead King Basin one night on his solo survival expedition. While trying to sleep he heard mysterious chittering and chirping sounds that went on for hours in the darkness until, at 2:30 a.m., the tree on which a beaver had been gnawing fell across his lean-to.

"I will never forget that moment the rest of my life," the boy said later. I believe him.

WILLIAM MCK. CHAPMAN

Charleston, S.C.

Sirs:

Since your Barbara La Fontaine herself admits to 34 years (*Babel in the Woods*, July 11), perhaps it is not too ungalant of me to notice her age. In any case, I congratulate

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

ulate her not only for submitting that set-
tled maturity to oracles that would stagger
many a younger girl but for writing about the
experience with such grace and sensitiv-
ity as well.

PETER SANDS

Los Angeles

Sirs:

My hat is off to Author Barbara LaFont-
taine and the girls who took part in the Out-
ward Bound program. I found the article
very enjoyable, and I am glad to see that
some girls have the courage to "gut it out"
on adventures like this.

GARY BARTMAN

St. Bonifacius, Minn.

Sirs:

Having spent a day at the Outward
Bound Sea School in Aberdovey, Mer-
ioneth, Wales, I was a little surprised to read
in your July 11 issue that Aberdovey had
moved to Scotland. But I guess the move
was inadvertent. The present warden of the
school, Captain J. J. Fuller, M.B.E., hosted
a group of us overseas information officers
around the school, and we were able to see
at first hand many of the fascinating activi-
ties that the boys participate in.

It may be of interest to your readers to
know that only five or six miles away from
the boys' school at Aberdovey there is an
Outward Bound girls' school in Tynyn,
Wales.

The concept of Outward Bound training
is a fascinating one, and I think that many
of your readers will agree that the spread of
this concept would be of great help in char-
acter-building amongst our youth.

D. CURRY SHILL

Hamilton, Bermuda

CFL

Sirs:

I notice that we share the same opinion
concerning Mr. Leahy's United States Foot-
ball League (News Column June 11). However,
there is another professional football league
which deserves your attention. I am refer-
ring to the recently established Continental
Football League.

This league becomes truly continental in
nature by being composed of 10 teams with
franchises ranging from Toronto and Mon-
treal in Canada to Orlando in Florida. This
gives it an international flavor which can-
not be found in the AFL or NFL. Since the
recent merger, we who follow the fortunes
of the CFL feel that our league is now the
second major league of football and is de-
serving of recognition as such. Certainly
our brand of football is equal to that of the
AFL in its formative years, and it should be
covered as well as was the AFL in its youth.

LEWIS H. BRUNYAN JR.

Norfolk, Va.

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